Modern Life & Modern Man

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A TEMPTING MORSEL.

Modern Life
and
Modern Man

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Next week your favourite paper will be known as "Modern Life." As mentioned in our last issue, there will be further improvements in the contents. So order your copy early and avoid disappointment.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

A RECORD SEASON IN STORE FOR SOCIETY.

Derby Night Arrangements for Their Majesties.

If no more Royal relations are assassinated or die between now and July, the coming season will be one of the most brilliant on record. King George and Queen Mary are really go-ahead folk—although from Their Majesties' occasional dowdiness one wouldn't think it—and they are determined that no efforts shall be spared to "make things hum" this year, particularly as a fatality has in the past three years occurred just at the moment to mar the gaiety of the season.

I learn that the Derby night dinner to the Queen will be given by the Duchess of Devonshire, at Devonshire House in Piccadilly, and while Her Majesty is dining with the Cavendishes George Rex will entertain the members of the Jockey Club at a Royal banquet at Buckingham Palace.

This function is almost the only one in London which gives the King's friends the opportunity of appearing in the distinguished attire known as "frock dress." It consists of ordinary evening clothes with knee breeches and black silk stockings, and the King will wear his Garter in diamonds round his right knee. After the banquet the King and the sportsmen will drive—or walk—across the Park to Devonshire House—a very refreshing walk, too, for the weather is sometimes very hot on Derby Days, and the air of the dining room at Buckingham Palace becomes a trifle stuffy.

The King has not yet installed electric punkahs, but this is said to be in contemplation. The Duchess of Devonshire is, of course, a very great friend of the Queen's, and is Her Majesty's Mistress of the Robes, in which capacity she went to India for the Durbar tour. Her Grace is a daughter of Lord Lansdowne, and remarkably like her father in features.

* * *

The "Royal Synagogue."

The King and Queen are also to go frequently to the Royal Opera this season. By the way, it is wonderful how little the Peerage patronises this semi-National institution. The fact is, the Jews have so completely "cornered" the boxes that Society keeps away, and the King and Queen only go because it is "the thing," and they do their very best to keep money circulating in its ordinary channels as much as possible.

The authorities of the Opera have the hardest work in the world to prevent the Jews actually encroaching upon Their Majesties, and precautions are, therefore, taken of allotting the boxes adjoining the Royal ones only to persons nominated by the King. The "omnibus box" is carefully reserved for several cronies of His Majesty, amongst whom is old Sir Allan Young, the one-time explorer, and Lords [illegible] stoke, Herschell, Castlereagh, Crewe, and Farquhar, [illegible] Jews are almost next door, Mrs. M. Abrahams and Mrs. [illegible] having one side of the "omnibus" and the Roth[illegible] the other. No. 33 box, which is actually next to the "[illegible] bus," is kept vacant, and, on the other side, the nearest [illegible] to that of the Royal friends is reserved for Mrs. Hen[illegible] Evans.

The King's own box is on the tier above this row, [illegible] the King himself has for neighbours the Duke of Bed[illegible] who owns the Opera, and His Majesty's sister, the Pri[illegible] Royal, on the other side, with another box for Lord [illegible] the Constable of Windsor Castle, next to the widow of [illegible] Duke of Fife. Then comes Mrs. Gant and Mrs. Robe[illegible] the Nelkes, Nivisons, and Gassiots, and all round the [illegible] the Speyers, Beits, Ecksteins, Moss's, Zimmermanns, M[illegible] and Duveens predominate.

Except for Lord Inchcape, a millionaire from Ca[illegible] who began life as a poor boy in Arbroath, and is n[illegible] Peer of the Realm, none of Mr. Asquith's nobility obtain boxes for "love or money," as, owing to the [illegible] mination of the Jews to keep all the boxes they can [illegible] only a sufficient number can be given to the Peera[illegible] accommodate the King's own friends.

* * *

What's Wrong at Blenheim?

There has been more trouble in the *ménage* of [illegible] Spencer-Churchills. Those kindly folk who have [illegible] dreamed of a reconciliation between the Duke of [illegible] borough and his Duchess may now sleep more calmly [illegible] the dream is shattered, and the Duke and Duches[illegible] parted for ever and for aye.

The Duke, who has just gone back to Blenheim, has [illegible] with him his sons, the Marquis of Blandford and Lord [illegible] Spencer-Churchill, and their future is being care[illegible] attended to by the Duke's charming sister, Lady [illegible] who doesn't seem to want to get married, since her eng[illegible] ment to Captain Walsh was broken off, and who is [illegible] pletely devoted to her amiable brother.

A lot of nonsense used to be written about "the sa[illegible] young Duchess," and Her Grace's "mournful dark eyes pathetically drooping mouth" since she and the Duke [illegible] company, but, as a matter of fact, the ducal pair were so happy in their lives as now.

Their marriage was one of convenience entirely, alt[illegible] it must be admitted that on the part of the Duke there a very sincere admiration for his American duchess.

* * *

Millionaire Duchess who was Completely Sp[illegible]

Though it seems impossible, it is eighteen years sin[illegible] "happy" pair arrived home after the gala wedding in York. The present writer witnessed the arrival of the and the former Consuelo Vanderbilt at Woodstock, the auspices seemed of the most felicitous. The new Du[illegible] rode in a spacious landau, while His Grace rode beside upon a white charger. Woodstock, of course, was [illegible] Everybody there seemed to be anxious to make Her G[illegible] feel "at home" amongst her new and aristocratic rela[illegible] The Duke's mother, the Marchioness of Blandford, graciously personified.

She was, in fact, too gracious. What the Vanderbilt wanted was a little of that aloofness which she had expe[illegible] Instead, the Spencer-Churchills were so keen upon [illegible] her mistress of all she surveyed that very soon the Duc[illegible] began to give herself airs. Incident followed incident, sometimes the young Duke positively blushed for his and kicked himself with vexation. The fact was, Vanderbilt had been completely spoilt.

* * *

How the Family Treated Miss Vander[illegible]

Nothing, however, sufficiently annoyed the Duke's [illegible] as to render them wanting in that respect, and, in affection due to the young Duchess. The Duke's [illegible] stood by the Duchess all through, that is, so far as [illegible] appearances went, and to within the last few weeks the Machioness of Blandford has chaperoned the Duchess all occasions, notwithstanding that her son and his [illegible] wife have now been parted for nearly ten years.

The Duke's sister, of course, is under no obligation the Duchess, and does not correspond with her. Blandford is, of course, one of the late Duke of Abe[illegible] sisters, and her other sisters are the Marchioness of [illegible] downe, the Countess of Lichfield, the late Duchess Buccleuch, who died a year ago, and the late Co[illegible] Winterton, who died a month ago, and who was [illegible] Queen Alexandra's bridesmaids fifty years since.

It is owing, therefore, to the careful chaperonage of the Duke's mother that no scandal has ever attached to the Duke's wife during her long detachment from Blenheim. To the tremendous crowd of influential people in close blood relationship to the Duke, the Duchess owes much. By them her place in English Society has been securely conserved, and the Duchess has been welcomed in the best houses with all the respect due to her position as the wife of the brainiest of our younger Dukes.

But the Duchess has always been so easily piqued that it was impossible for the ducal couple to live together, and so they separated. For this proneness to take offence the Duchess must be largely excused, for it is in her blood. Her mother is Mrs. Belmont, one of New York's "four hundred," and the Duchess resembles Mrs. Belmont as much in temperament as she does in features.

* * *

"Warned Off" by her Daughter.

And Mrs. Belmont is a lady who in any country house "on this side" would prove distinctly trying. She has, by the way, just provided the world with a spontaneous illustration of just that absurd trait which made the Duchess impossible at Blenheim. Mrs. Belmont goes in for "causes" and "isms," and amongst them is the International Congress, which intends this year to hold its annual gathering in Buda Pesth. Buda Pesth, Mrs. Belmont meant, as usual, to go to "get around" for a few weeks amongst the smart set.

But now that the Marlboroughs have finally cut their lines of communication, Mrs. Belmont has had to be "warned off" by her daughter, so she has announced that owing to dear Mrs. Pankhurst being sentenced to three years' imprisonment by an English judge "she shan't spend a single dollar in England this year," and she and the Duchess are going to Par-ris instead! Well, that is only what might have been expected. Mrs. Belmont has great cause for gratitude for the way in which her daughter has been recieved in England during the eighteen years of her wedded life, not, however, that anybody expects gratitude in *that* quarter. Mrs. Belmont may be missed somewhere, but it won't be at Blenheim, and we hope that Mr. Lloyd George will not find the national finances embarassed as a result of Mrs. Belmont's dollars going to Par-ris instead of to London.

* * *

"Best of the Bunch" the American Duchesses.

The trouble with the Duchess of Marlborough largely arose in consequence of the Marlboroughs being too well used to the ways of American dollar princesses, while they yet remained ultra-aristocratic themselves. The Duke himself is "one o' the best." A more sensible, unaffected fellow is not to be met with on any ducal acres in Britain.

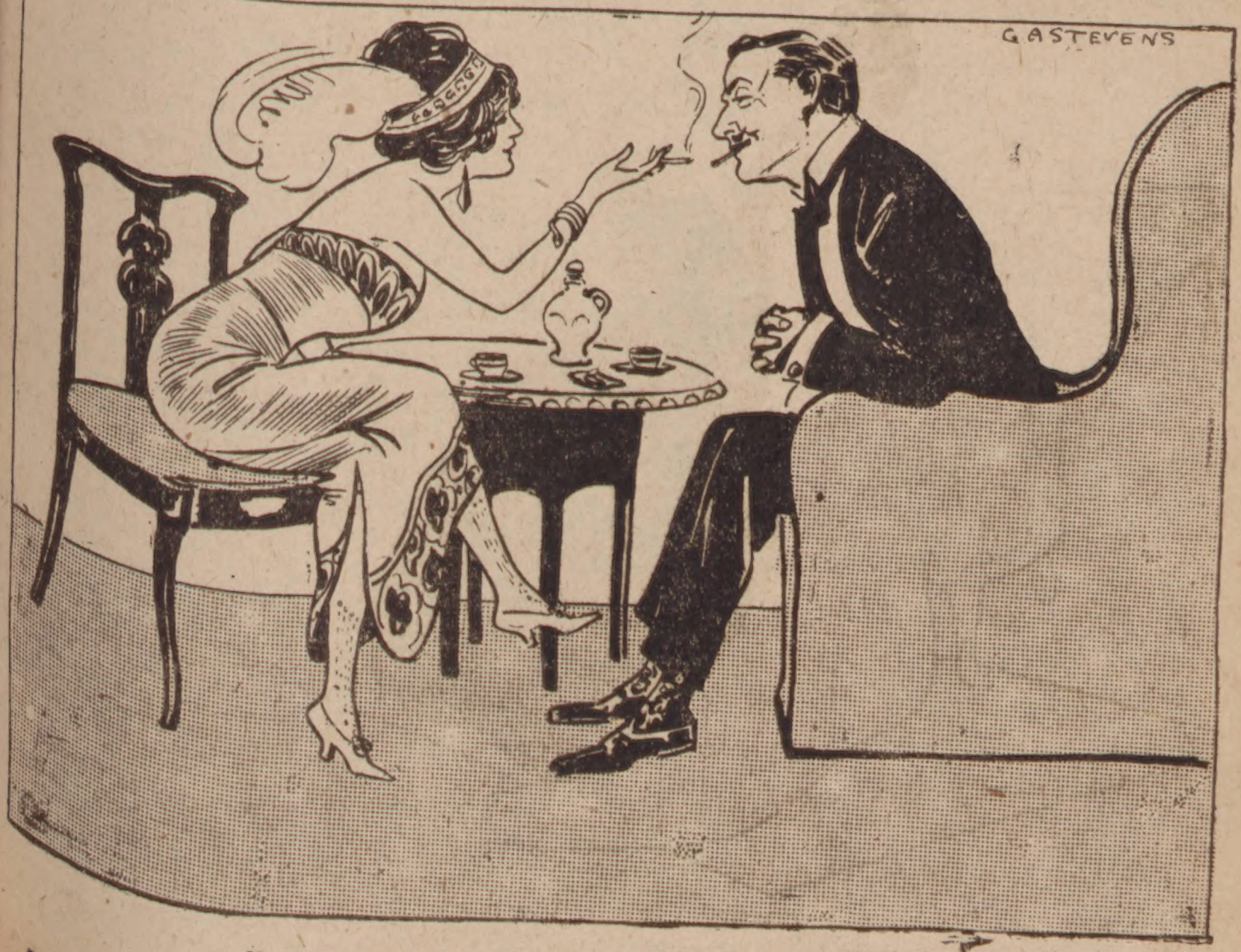
The only one of the Marlborough Americans who has got along without any ranklings is the widow of Lord Bill Beresford. Lily Hammersley, or, as she was in her maiden days, Lily Price, is a very sensible woman. Frankly, she took the Duke's father to husband for his title, knowing him to be "hot stuff," though "a very good sort." He was desperately hard up, and she wasn't! He had been divorced by his blue-blooded wife, the Marchioness of Blandford, and so Lily Hammersley new what to expect. But from the day she took him the eighth Duke was "sobered." He roamed no more. Lily saw to that. The Duke was only forty-eight when he married her, but he soon found that his American match had "cooked his goose," and so he died.

Two or three years later "Lily Duchess" married Lord Bill Beresford, brother of "Charles B." and Lord Marcus, and he, too, went the way of all flesh after a course of "sobering" which lasted for five years. He had been a stalwart amongst men in his day, too, and amongst the mementoes of his valour was the Victoria Cross. Lily Duchess lived quietly at Dorking, with a toy terrier and the memory of three superbly interesting husbands for company until her premature death in the winter of 1909.

* * *

The Split in the Cornwallis-West Menage.

As for that other bold Churchill who married an American, the once-redoubtable Lord Randolph, he also did not long survive the rash act. Lady Randolph got wed a second time to Mr. Cornwallis-West, but the match was foredoomed to failure—at any rate, the bridegroom's family foresaw its failure right enough, and they have been saying "I told-



He : "Do you believe a woman can make a man go straight ?"
She : "Well, most men go straight for a woman."

you so!" to poor George West ever since. They kept away from the wedding, and never had anything to do with it afterwards.

Jennie Jerome, as she was in New York, was a trifle too strong-minded for Colonel Cornwallis-West's son, besides being old enough to be his mother, and though the ill-matched pair stuck each other for nearly ten years, the knock-out blow came last December, when Lady Randolph's "second" stalked out of the house in Norfolk Street and swore he would never return! And he didn't. Instead, he wrote his wife a letter saying the bond was broken, and that she might see her lawyers. We wonder who will be Lady Randolph's "third."

* * *

Red Rubber Atrocities.

Mr. Hardenburg, who first exposed the atrocities in Putumayo, evidently shares our strong feeling that there has already been talk enough—and too much. What about action? "The only remedy for the ill-treatment of the Indians," said Mr. Hardenburg lately, "is to rouse public opinion in this country to such an extent that Sir Edward Grey shall be able to say to the Peruvian Government: 'You must put a stop to this slavery. My country demands it.'"

Modern Man wrote thus long before Mr. Hardenburg spoke thus.

* * *

Judicial Jester.

Mr. Justice Darling seems to have done his utmost during the Lord Alfred Douglas libel case to justify the scathing caricature by Max Beerbohm which is on exhibition at the Leicester Gallery. The case was an unsavoury one at best—less in what actually happened than in suggestion—and there was no call to prolong it by laboured pointless witticisms which would certainly not have caused laughter in any other place in the world but a court of law, where the most whiskered chestnut by "His Lordship" is invariably greeted with prolonged and dutiful guffaws.

Not, mind you, that the Judge did not once or twice happen to say a good thing! But the inanity of some of his persistent attempts at wit was so marked that one is convinced that the funniosities were uttered out of sheer bravado, as an outward and visible sign that Mr. Beerbohm's grim and merciless jibe has failed to hit the mark.

A certain amount of humour is permissible, even desirable, in a Judge, but after all an English Judge sits on the bench to administer justice, and not as a kind of end-man in a nigger minstrel show.

* * *

The Doctor's Guinea.

Dr. Tarachand, of the Mansfield Town Council, must be sorry he spoke when he protested against a deputation being sent to an electrical Convention to be held in London in June, on the ground that the trip would only "encourage late hours" and "the visitation of public-houses by Councillors." Perhaps the objector's objections so far could be met by the Councillors taking their mothers with them. It was further represented that the ratepayers' money would be wasted.

A Mr. Collins recalled that the doctor himself had been on a deputation on one occasion to Manchester, where, Mr. Collins remarked, visiting Councillors "did themselves very well." As the wine steward of the party, Dr. Tarachand ordered the champagne which the ratepayers had to pay for. "If my memory serves me rightly," ruminated Mr. Collins aloud, "Dr. Tarachand on another occasion was away from the town on a deputation when his services were required professionally by a patient who had retained them for a certain domestic event. And when the doctor returned home and found he had lost a guinea fee, he sent in a bill for the amount to the Gas Committee, and the bill can be seen to this day."

Considering that it wasn't the Gas Committee that increased the population of Mansfield by one, the "(laughter)" of the report is intelligible.

"Yes," Dr. Tarachand confirmed, nevertheless, "the Committee owe me a guinea."

The debt is likely to out-grow the Statute of Limitation.

* * *

Pretence of Conscience.

The fatuous plea that [illegible] gette atrocity-mongers should not be dealt with like ordinary criminals on the ground that they are professedly inspired by "conscientious" or "political" motives is condemned — as by anticipation—in the writings of Robert Barclay, one of the greatest of Quakers. Considering the really conscientious views of the Society of Friends on the employment of force or compulsion, the following quotation from so eminent a member of that body has a significance that is peculiarly opportune:—"All killing, banishing, fining, imprisoning, and all such things, which are inflicted upon men for the above exercise of their conscience or opinion, proceed from the spirit of Cain, the murderer, and are contrary to the truth, providing always that no man under the pretence of sciences, damage his neighbour in his life or estate, or do anything destructive to or inconsistent with human society, in which case the Law is for the transgressor, and justice to be administered upon all, without respect of persons."

* *

Wolseley on Gordon.

No one could associate anything like intimacy with the late Field-Marshal Lord Wolseley without appreciating sensible of the fact that for all his splendid self-confidence in trial and emer-

GOSSIP.

"My husband says he hopes to see the time when every man will own a motor-car."
"What is your husband's business?"
"He is a divorce lawyer."—*Judge.*

TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT "MODERN LIFE" IT WILL BE GRE

A CENTRE OF ATTRACTION.

he was one of the most modest men who ever achieved greatness. That Wolseley was a greater man than General Gordon, few or none would dispute, but Bishop Taylor Smith, Chaplain-General to the Forces, preaching on Sunday, at Rochester Cathedral, read a private letter addressed to him by Wolseley, soon after Gordon's death, in which the Field-Marshal observed: "Poor dear Charles Gordon . . . was an old and valued friend; but I always felt, and more than ever feel now, that I was never worthy to pipe-clay his belt for him."

* * *

Tenant and Landlord.

It is a general custom in the towns of Leeds, Bradford, Hull, and Huddersfield not to grant leases to the tenants of business premises for a longer term than five years. The injustice thus inflicted on the trading classes is so obvious that no wonder the Chambers of Commerce of the four towns have at last taken up the grievance in a determined spirit. Nothing less drastic than the resolution which has been carried at each place will meet the case.

That resolution calls for legislation to remove the hardship and difficulty imposed on tenants by the existing lease-hold system, and demands that the new law shall include provisions for continuity of tenure under reasonable conditions, compensation for disturbance and for permanent improvements to property paid for by tenants, and relief from all restrictive covenants of an unreasonable character. The trouble that has reached an acute stage in Leeds, Bradford, Hull and Huddersfield is far too generally chronic everywhere. The law of landlord and tenant is an instance and an illustration of the survival of the unfit.

* * *

Ecclesiastics and Modern Life.

Modern Bishops (a few of them) and modern ecclesiastics of less exalted degree (a growing number of them) are doing much to bring the modern Church into line with the practical realities of modern life. In the place of the pulpit platitudes, popular preachers are giving us sound admonition and advice on all sorts of subjects that used to be regarded as too mundane for sermonic consideration.

The Bishop of Oxford, for instance, preached to strikers the other night on the subject of strikes in a noteworthily sensible, broad-minded, and utilitarian spirit. In the name of his Master, he claimed that a dispute in the matter of wages properly concerned not only the disputants on both sides, but the whole community. There was, he maintained, a really ascertainable "living wage," and a line below which a man's faculties deteriorated, and he could not be at his best. On merely economic grounds, the cheapest labour was not the best or most profitable labour.

He expressed his belief in the righteousness of the principle of Trade Unionism, and maintained that wherever there was a dispute the minds of the citizens generally should be looking out for arbitration.

The collection was handed over to a local Strike Fund. We are not concerned as to whether the Bishop's sympathies in this particular case are rightly placed or wrongly placed; but we recognise in his attitude, and in that of several of his mitred fellows, a welcome coming-down from the clouds into contact with tangible actualities.

* * *

Mend Your Manners!

We regard politics as very much of a game in which there is little to choose between the two adversaries, but there is such a thing as "playing the game," and this Mr. William Moore, M.P., has certainly failed to do. Far from expressing any contrition for conduct which would disgrace an unruly schoolboy, he told his constituents that "he was certainly under no obligation to the Government, nor to the Chairman of Committee, whose main desire was to hush up the recollection of those incidents which he (Mr. Moore) had described in the House as disgraceful trickery."

If this sort of thing goes down in Armagh well and good, but we imagine the average Britisher still has a sneaking fondness for a certain amount of dignity and decorum amongst his legislators. Four hundred pounds a year is a great deal to pay a man for exhibitions of bad temper and bad manners. By the way, we trust £23 15s. 6½d. will be deducted from Mr. Moore's next salary cheque as a slight recognition of his three weeks' suspension.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE FOR RACING RESULTS.

ORIENTAL CRYSTAL-GAZERS WHO LIVE ON BRITISH WOMEN.

"MODERN MAN" SPECIAL.

Because recently the police placed a ban upon fortune-telling advertisements it has been hastily assumed that the evil has practically disappeared.

On the contrary. Working in a subterranean fashion these dealers in cash-raising mumbo-jumbo are more active than ever. For it must not be forgotten that no police regulations, however excellent, can eradicate from the heart of a woman the love of that which appears to be mysterious. Further, it has always been, and doubtless always will be, the delight of the weaker sex to try and peer into the records of Fate—to hear something concerning the as yet untrodden future.

Telling the Tale.

I can claim to know a good deal of the ways of these men who sit in shadowed chambers in the best parts of London and "tell the tale." I have carried out an investigation that has revealed a really astonishing state of affairs. And what seems especially to call for attention on the part of police and public is the fact that when a prosecution is undertaken it is the obscure fortune-tellers who are fined or imprisoned.

The gipsy who haunts the area and pours into the willing ear of the servant girl a fairy tale concerning future bliss (with a husband in the foreground) is often hauled before the magistrate. Again, on many occasions proceedings have been taken against back-street palmists who furtively indicate the lines of Fate in the palm of their hand.

But the real, heart-breaking, home-wrecking mischief is wrought by supple rascals, generally foreigners, who work the mumbo-jumbo business on a grand scale, and are not content to be simply recompensed by gold. Other favours—obtained by subtle hypnotic suggestion, or the tribute of fear—are obtained from the elegant white women who run unknown to husbands and brothers to the dusky "seer," who pretends to have seen an advance copy of the Book of Fate.

It is surprising the number of visitors that some of these dusky gentlemen have. One can scarcely wonder that they grow insolent and inclined to cavil if the day's takings fall below several pounds. Let me describe, for the benefit of readers, a visit to one of the most haughty and unscrupulous of these men.

This man is a Hindu, and has his chambers near to the Haymarket. At one time he advertised himself as "The Great Indian Mirror Reader," but his activities in this direction were frozen up by the police ban upon advertisements.

By his magnetic personality he got several ladies interested in what he called his "mysteries," and scooping several hundred of pounds from them—("The Fates will that it should be that I should receive of your bounty, ladies!")—he blossomed out as a very special expert in the fortune-telling business. He pretended to have discovered a new "wisdom," and for a consideration he would allow the same to distil from his lips into the waiting ears of his clients. Then, when he had exhausted his "patter," he would have recourse to the crystal sphere, and peering intently therein would "read and expound Fate."

The Sage of the Haymarket

Having found my way to his chambers, I was admitted by a grotesque piece of black flesh and blood—a hideous Gond, brought from India as a servant. This faithful creature informed me that "The Master" was lost in meditation so profound that he feared to disturb him. However, upon pressure, he consented to break the contemplation of the ineffable, and later came noiselessly to inform me that I could see the sage.

I entered the room through a curtain. At first I could see nothing; the room was wrapped in a gloom so profound that I thought at first it was empty. But as my sight grew stronger I made out the Sage sitting like a carved image upon a low dais. His black face was framed by his snowy turban and linen vest, while a bright red rose that he was holding in contemplation made a splash of colour against this dead white ground. In front of him was a shallow wicker basket, and as I entered he took up a light Indian reed and commenced to play a low tune.

The music was like the whispering of wind in the rushes by a stream, and very fascinating. I sank into a chair. The Hindu accompanied himself by swaying his body, and p... sently, as the music grew faster and louder, the lid of ... basket was raised, and the flat, repulsive head of a co... was seen. As the piping grew more vehement, the sn... coiled itself in a spiral, pushing back the flap of the bask... and swaying in an ecstasy to the sound of the reed. Fin... it left the basket, and curled its way up until it hung aro... the neck of the Sage. Then, throwing down his pipe, ... condescended to notice me, and in a musical voice bade ... seat myself before him upon a low stool. Having ... the cash question, the *seance* commenced.

I was, of course, regaled with a great deal of florid ... concerning my future path and what I should avoid. ... nothing tangible, and not one word of the past. T... apparently, was a sealed book to the Hindu. And ha... finished his story, he proceeded to do a little crystal-gaz... The polished glass sphere was uncovered, and placed ... diately in front of him. A few sticks of aromatical w... upon a brazier were kindled, and the strong light illumin... the room.

Dark and Dangerous Paths.

The Sage fixed his glowing eyes intently upon the sp... while I waited breathlessly to hear what might be in stor... me. But—it was all so disappointing. Travel, cha... enemies and friends shifting around me, a beautiful ... woman and a sinister brunette apparently thirsting for ... destruction—this was the sum total. And who, in the co... of a life, will not meet with all these vicissitudes, and m... others that could easily be foretold without having recou... to the shadowed chamber of a dusky adventurer.

In my case there was no harm done. But this is ... always so. I have investigated cases that make one's bl... boil. Undoubtedly these Hindus have a certain magn... power that women find it hard to resist.

The police should pay more attention than they do ... these foreign fortune-tellers, with their plausible patter.

Our Art Note: A Post-Impressionist.

TRAVESTIED PLAY TITLE:
"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

* * *

TRAPPED!

An Englishman's Encounter with Black Hand Gang.

"The Central Committee has duly sat in judment upon ou and has condemned you to death. The sentence will be xecuted within the next seven days unless you are willing pay £50,000 in English money. If you agree to these erms insert in to-morrow's *Herald* the following advertise- ent: 'I agree to terms.—A.L.'—On seeing this notice we hall immediately forward you instructions as to how the oney is to be paid over."

This precious epistle was unsigned with any name, but at he foot of it appeared a crude black silhouette of a hand, nd I had no difficulty in recognising that I was receiving ttention from that gang of blackmailers known as the Black land.

I had completed most of the contracts which I had had in iew, and intended to sail for England within a week's time. n receipt of this epistle, however, I determined to cut short y visit by four days, and thus to sail by the steamer which ft three days hence. Trusting that by this little scheme should be able to hoodwink the Black Hand, I, of course, ook no further notice of their communication except for- arding it to the police.

On the following evening I received a second communi- ation from the Black Hand. It was particularly brief:

"You have not replied to our previous communication as irected. You will therefore die on Thursday."

As my steamer sailed on Wednesday I felt no uneasiness, ut I was none the less glad when Wednesday arrived, and watched the Liberty statue slowly sinking behind the liner. The voyage itself was dull. The passengers were chiefly Americans bent on seeing Europe, and for the most part hey were purse-proud, vulgar people, with whom I did not particularly wish to strike up an acquaintance. There was ne passenger, however, with whom I sometimes smoked nd drank. He was an Englishman, as might be seen from is accent and clothes. He informed me that his name was Brain, and that he was a private detective who had been to New York on business.

One evening I told him about the letters I had received rom the Black Hand.

"You will be extremely fortunate," he said, shaking his ead dubiously, "if you have indeed managed to shake them off. I have had some experience of these gentry, and I am afraid that they will follow you to the ends of the earth till they have secured their demands."

We reached Southampton at six o'clock one evening, and, as I did not relish arriving in Birmingham somewhere in the middle of the night, I determined to break my journey in London, and secure a good night's rest.

I am not readily scared, but I will admit frankly that I received an unpleasant shock when, after visiting a theatre, I returned to my hotel and observed a letter lying on my dressing table, with the now familiar silhouette of a black hand in place of a postage stamp.

I opened the letter and read:

"You were indeed mistaken if you imagined that we can be thrown off the scent so easily. Your flight from America, far from doing you a service, merely makes us the more determined to execute our purpose. Moreover, as a punishment for your having broken faith with us, we shall deal with your uncle after we have finished with you. Your best course is to advertise in to-morrow's *Times* in the same manner as we advised you to do in the case of the *New York Herald*."

After a night of fairly sound sleep I breakfasted and caught an early train to Birmingham. At Coventry we stopped for a few minutes and I left the carriage to stretch my legs on the platform. I had scarcely alighted when the guard approached me and handed me an undirected envelope.

In reply to my inquiries as to who had instructed him to give me this, he said that just before the train had left Euston a gentleman had come up to him with the request that he would hand this letter to me when we reached Coventry.

I returned to my carriage, tore open the envelope and discovered a letter practically identical with the second one which I had received in New York.

Worn out with travelling I wanted a good night's rest, and on reaching home retired to bed somewhere about ten o'clock. Pinned to my pillow with a dagger was a further warning from the Black Hand:

"This is absolutely your final warning. Unless you agree to our terms and notify us to that effect in the personal column of to-morrow's *Post* we shall crush you as we would a fly."

I had no desire to deprive my uncle of his sleep, so I did not lay the letter before him till after breakfast on the following morning.

"My boy," he said, "it seems to me that there is only one course for you to adopt. You must leave bricks and mortar behind you and betake yourself to the open country. I would pay the money they ask, but it would run me to the very limit of my resources, and when I die I should not be able to leave you the fortune I have hoped to do."

I decided there was something in what he said.

I arrived in Aberdeen early on the following morning; and in the afternoon I journeyed by 'bus to a place called Midmar, some twelve or fifteen miles west of the city.

Secure in the belief that I had given my pursuers the slip, I slept the sleep of the just, but in the morning I discovered my error on perceiving that a dagger, similar to the one which I had found on my pillow in Birmingham, was lying on my dressing table. It had this essential difference, however, that it was covered with clotted blood.

I passed the day exploring the country, and retired to my room at ten o'clock that night. I did not go to bed, however, but when the house was quiet slipped out of my window and clambered down a wooden trellis which had been fixed to the wall outside. I had armed myself with a revolver.

Concealing myself behind some bushes I waited patiently till I thought that every moment the first streaks of dawn must be visible. At length my vigil was rewarded. I could hear a motor car stop some distance up the road, and presently a muffled figure came walking towards where I lay. He passed through the little wooden gate and commenced to clamber up the trellis towards my window.

He was about four feet from the ground when I seized him by the legs, and, exerting all my strength, flung him headlong to the earth. The force of the impact was sufficient to stun him, so that he gave me no more trouble. I shouted for assistance. When lights were brought I examined my adversary's face.

He was none other than Brain, the detective. I considered that it would have been misplaced clemency if I had allowed him to escape, and so he was duly brought to trial. It was then discovered that he was no detective, but a notorious blackmailer.

Gathering from my conversation the main facts concerning the letters which the Black Hand had actually sent me he had hit upon the daring scheme of taking their place in the extortion of money from myself and my uncle. Happily for the world at large he will not be in a position to blackmail anybody for many years to come.

EVERYTHING OF THE BEST "MODERN LIFE" APPEALS TO ALL.

WHAT'S ON IN STAGE LAND.

Theatre Notes and Notions.

Charles Klein, the famous American dramatist, author of "Find the Woman," is on his way to England, as I am informed, for good—it being his intention to become a naturalised subject.

* * *

The certainty of Lady Constance Stewart-Richardson's engagements, at a simply fabulous sum, is at present considerably jeopardised by the fact that her agent is quarrelling with Hammerstein—I think most Englishmen would do that by instinct.

* * *

Pavlova is back in town again, and was accorded a hearty reception on her reappearance at the Palace.—Much has been written and said about this beautiful dancer. Her repertoire is entirely new, but the big thing of the evening was the "Prelude de Liszt," in which she astonished Berlin. Many other new dances are promised, but we here in town are looking forward to the "Bacchante," for verily she is the only one who can dance it.

* * *

Forbes-Robertson's farewell performances at Drury Lane have drawn crowds during the last few days. I understand that an American actor with a great reputation is coming over early next month to play Iago to Mr. Forbes-Robertson's Othello. His name is William Faversham. His delineation of that famous character—Iago—is said to be absolutely perfect.

* * *

"Come over here," at the London Opera House, is a winner. Collectively and individually the company may be succinctly epitomised as "great."

* * *

The Theatrical Garden Party, with all its attendant joys, bids fair to outshine any of its predecessors. No less than seven of the companies at our theatres are preparing special and original attractions.

* * *

PAVLOVA, A QUEEN OF DANCERS.

* * *

Moss Empires are preparing a minstrel troupe of their own, and the first performances are announced to take place on June 2nd, at Glasgow.

* * *

One begins to wonder where it's all going to end, there being now no less than eight Minstrel Companies belonging to different people, either on tour or in formation. It will undoubtedly be a case of the survival of the fittest.

He: "Dash it! 'Cherry Blossom's' run amuck."
She: "Ah, well, it's all right. I've backed it both ways."

* * *

TABLOID TOPICS.

Suffragettes on the Monument.—The height of absur

* * *

More sweated labour.—At the Turkish Baths.

* * *

An "unfortunate" juxtaposition of theatre-posters—

THE INFERIOR SEX.
BOUGHT AND PAID FOR.

* * *

A recent announcement: "The *Times* for twopence. change." We expect at least a penny change out of a threepenny-bit.

* * *

Severini, the Futurist painter, says that he paints the We would rather see him mind the paint a little more

* * *

Why is bacon so dear? The Federation of Grocers' A ciations says that it is due to the falling off in the num of pigs kept nowadays. Naturally, what can't be "cur must be endured.

* * *

The haddock is no longer served in the tea-room of House of Commons. It is evidently considered bad tas

* * *

"To make a good speech, a man must first immerse h self in his subject," says Dr. Macnamara. But what the temperance reformer who lectures on "Drink"

* * *

Riding astride in the Row is becoming increasin popular with women. Of course men will observe change in women's riding habits.

* * *

(April is a problem for the man who wishes to d correctly.—*Daily Paper.*)

It drives me mad when people say
"I think we'll have some rain to-day";
For ev'ry person that I've met
Reminds me that the weather's wet.
There's Tom I saw, who said "By gosh!
You should have brought your mackintosh."
There's Dick, who said "You foolish fellow!
Say! Where the deuce is your umbrella?"
And Kate, who cried "You silly chap,
A hat's no good—you want a cap."
If this goes on, I firmly swear
A bathing costume's all I'll wear. J. S. V.

SOMETHING TO REMEMBER. ASK FOR "MODERN LIFE" NEXT WEE

OTHER PEOPLE'S INDISCRETIONS

AND THINGS WE HAVE HEARD.

What is the matter with Colonel A——, living in a fashionable neighbourhood of London, that he does not put a stop to his wife's intrigues with her ne'er do well young cousin? And what does the gallant officer's well-known actor brother think of the whole business?

* * *

Who was the elderly gentleman in an astrakhan coat and top hat who accosted the 9.30 postman outside a block of flats at Maida Vale the other night? How much did he offer the man to persuade him to hand him a certain letter? What did the letter contain, and why was the elderly person so anxious to get it? Of course the postman refused to be corrupted?

* * *

What is the fuss about among Cabinet Ministers in the matter of the vacant garter? Will Earl Grey get it after all? And if not, who will be instrumental in preventing him?

*

Who is the nice kind business man who allows himself to become so friendly with his wealthy clients as to ask them to go to Monte Carlo and elsewhere with him as his guests? And is it not a fact that he has a secret means of deriving much profit from his generosity?

*

Who was the individual who was seen in one of his favourite haunts — a West End bar—"disguised" in an obvious false moustache and beard? Why did he assume these?

*

Why does the religiously inclined peeress no longer invite a certain M.P. of humoristical tendencies to her residence or functions? Is it because of the lyric about the "Well-behaved Family," which he recited to her hubby? And if so, what can hubby have been thinking of to repeat it to her?

* *

What are the stories now being told about the owner of a large house at Westminster by a servant lately in his employ? Is there any truth in them? And if so, was he not rather foolish to have dismissed her so suddenly?

* *

Is there only one person involved in the recent embezzlement from the Bank of England? Are there not some big people mixed up in it? And if so, what action will be taken?

* *

Who is to be the King's new private secretary? Is not a prediction, made many weeks ago in this paper, to be borne out? And will it not be yet another instance of the new broom sweeping clean?

* *

It is not generally known to the public, but it is none the less a fact that the *ateliers* of certain dressmakers and milliners—chiefly the former—in the Bond Street district, are no more nor less than rendezvous for illicit meetings between men and women of wealth, rank, or both?

* *

Girls whose fathers disapprove of their intimacy with certain men of their acquaintance are often afraid to meet those men at their own homes or the homes of friends. They are afraid that paterfamilias or materfamilias may get to hear about it. So meetings are arranged at Madame X——'s; and here, under pretence of being "measured," or "tried on," or something, naughty Miss Dash will enjoy pleasant if unwise flirtations with Mr. Blank.

* * *

Moreover, these places are not patronised solely by single men and maids. An even graver note is given to the business by the fact that husbands and wives consort there for the purpose of meeting other wives and husbands respectively.

* * *

Of course, the fashionable *modiste* proprietress does not countenance this sort of thing for nothing; and this fact gives one to wonder whether such women ought not to be proceeded against under the section of the law relating to disorderly houses?

* *

A RESTAURANT NOTE: "TIPPING THE WAITER."

Do certain members of the House of Commons fancy that the mother of Parliaments should be turned into a kind of Sporting and General Recreation Club? Why was there such a loud shriek for a billiard-room? And why did Mr. Gwyne want to start boxing bouts there? And will the German Reichstag follow his example?

* *

Who is the peer who is viewing with more than a little apprehension a claim which is shortly to be made for the title in the High Courts? Who is the claimant? And will full publicity be given to all the facts—and evidence—on which the claim is based?

* *

Was it quite sporting of a sporting peer to make so sudden a departure for America, leaving a little woman in the Maida Vale flat with three cases of champagne, with which she was highly successful in drinking herself to death?

* * *

Who is the member of the Cabinet who cannot repress a faint show of annoyance when the name of "Chicago May" is mentioned in his presence? And what is the reason of this?

* * *

What was the dapper, fair-haired little Army officer writing a cheque for in a bar in Piccadilly Circus last Tuesday? Why did he rush out so quickly after presenting it to two hard-bitten looking men? And who were these two individuals?

* * *

What was the nature of a letter written to Mrs. Pierpont Morgan by a former employee in her late husband's bank? And will she pay the writer the large sum demanded?

* * *

Who is the suburban vicar who has been so badly bitten by the "rag-time" craze that his wife recently discovered him performing a spirited "Bunny Hug," "Crab Crawl" or "Turkey Trot," or some dance of the kind with his children's governess? If this little episode reaches the ken of the Bishop of London, what will his Grace think about it?

ORDER YOUR "MODERN LIFE" EARLY AND AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT.

SLAUGHTER-HOUSE OR SANATORIUM?

To the Editor of "Modern Man."

Sir,—Your article on the Sanatorium treatment of Consumptives is opportune, for it is proposed to spend large sums of money on the extension of the system to Insurance Act patients. You have made out a strong case for a Government Commission of Investigation before anything of the sort is done; but I think you might have made out a stronger one.

Who are the principal witnesses who should be examined by the Commission you have called for? Certainly among them should be escaped patients, nurses, and medical experts. Much evidence from these three classes is already available, and I am in a position to show you what it amounts to, which is that Sanatorium treatment is more likely to kill Consumptives than to kill Consumption. Like you, I am, of course, referring to Institutions where "Open Air" is made a fetish; where patients are exposed to all weathers, day and night, and fattened up like animals for a Cattle Show.

Let me give brief quotations from the written declarations of three survivors of Sanatorium methods, subsequently cured by other means; promising that these declarations are simply samples of many like them.

(1) "If all Sanatoria are conducted on the same criminally careless lines, and show such miserable results as those of ———, then I say, in all sincerity, God help those who are unfortunate enough to be left to the tender mercies of the doctors of these institutions." (2) "Of four of us, all mild cases, two died about three months after in the Sanatorium, one from pleurisy, the other of pneumonia, brought about by idiotic exposure; the third left with curses on his lips that he had ever entered the place, and I echoed his curses, as I entered the mildest of cases, but departed in a broken-down condition, with inflammation of the lungs, brought about by badly-cooked food and exposure. Yet the sport goes on, to make a doctor's holiday." (3) "I stayed three months, spending all the time, with the exception of a few days, in bed. The doctors told me daily to stuff—one went so far as to say 'eat until you feel like vomiting.' In less than a month my stomach was beaten, and I did vomit after every meal. . . . Our legs got very wet, and I had a fortnight of pleurisy. . . . Before I was half-way home, a severe attack of hemorrhage came on, and I reached home in a state of collapse, instead of cured. . . . I shall always look upon the money spent in going to these two Sanatoria as wasted, for I derived no benefit from either."

Now for the Sanatorium experience of a nurse (who was also a patient. "I consider the Open-Air treatment a cruel and wicked experiment. . . . Many get bronchitis and pleurisy added to their lung disease. A little more of such treatment would have killed me . . . Sanatoria statistics are nothing to go by. When patients get bad they get sent home to die, for the sake of statistics."

As for condemnatory medical testimony, I must consider your space, and will only offer you the following indignant remark by a doctor-specialist who has, I verily believe, saved more Consumptives than any other practitioner, living or dead: "I read an article recently discussing whether Sanatorium or Sanatarium was the correct word, but I have no hesitation in saying that Slaughterorium would be a far more appropriate term."

Whatever is or may be said on the other side, evidence like all this is not to be ignored. It is "straight" evidence, and the matter to which it relates is one of urgency as well as of vital importance. In directing the attention of the people and the Government to this subject, and in calling on the latter to institute an Inquiry, you have once more done the State some service."

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
ARNOLD BLACKWELL.

If a man wishes to be well dressed, attention to details is absolutely necessary. Just as a tie is necessary to a collar, so is a crease indispensable to trousers—that is if one wants to be smart, and, there is no doubt that personal appearance stands for a good deal nowadays.

The cost, so small as it is, is a secondary consideration. For 5s. 9d. the Simplex Manufacturing Co., 66, Balham Hill, London, S.W., will provide you with a six-ply polished oak trouser-presser and stretcher. It is guaranteed for five years, and is sent carriage paid in the United Kingdom.

NO EAR FOR MUSIC.

Talking Machine Enthusiast's Gloom Reflection.

Most men of my acquaintance indulge in a hobby of kind or other. Some keep wives, others keep their m some play golf, and not a few play the fool. Jones, lives with me, has done none of these things, thou times he has nearly achieved success in the latter dire

The other night, however, I met him coming fro station staggering under the weight of a bluky, unw looking parcel. Over his shoulder was slung a fear looking trumpet arrangement that I might well have pardoned in mistaking for some mammoth megaph the ventilator from the deck of a liner.

The apartment in which we have our meals at our abode is not exactly palatial, but anyhow it is the room in the house, and after fixing the horn in position was just room for me to stand up, provided I got well the fender.

"You won't mind, old man, will you?" said Jones, tipped my writing-desk up on end; "besides, you do such drivel it's time someone gave it a lift." Jones' —like himself—are often out of place.

"Have you got the needle?" he inquired presently.

"Certainly not," I replied. "I wouldn't lose my over a man like you."

"Who's talking about temper?" he said. "I ask for the needle. I've got a box of 200 somewhere, for the man rushed me another ninepence. Ah, here they

After losing four successive needles, Jones contri drop the remainder in the goat-skin hearthrug, but everything was ready.

"Now," said Jones, with the air of a virtuoso, records are made by the Margrophone Company Sister's Shriek," you know. Do you like bands, descriptive? What will you have?"

"Small bass, please," I answered, absent-mindedly was not such a bad fellow after all, I mused.

"Try and think of something else—for once," said with the resigned air of a martyr. He searched about a dozen discs, and finally selected one,

Gently guiding the sound-arm to the outer edge record, and releasing the brake, he said triumph "Now, you listen to this!"

I did. So did Jones. Even Jessie of Lucknow co have listened better, but there was a deathly silence.

"What is the name of the record?" I whispered fe "'Come, Sing to Me,'" said Jones, with bated b "Perhaps it will in a minute," I ventured, consol "Try 'Drinking'—it may be more used to that one,

Jones treated me to a look of withering scorn, and more turned his attention to the machine. "Eureka have it!" he cried. "Why, I forgot to wind the thing up!"

The operation complete, Jones mopped his brow. Eventually the machine found its head, as it were rapped out the song at about thirty miles an hour. out, or you'll exceed the speed limit," I ventured.

Just then there was a knock at the street door, and landlady entered the room.

"Please, sir," she said to Jones, "the old lady next wants to know if there's anybody ill here. She thought of you young gentlemen must have had a fit. I said you'd come home with a flammergrone, and she said it was a good thing for it."

Jones sighed as he waved the landlady away. "That what it is, old man," he said, turning to me, "the people have no ear for music. Now just you listen to song—'Because.'"

"Yes, it's very nice," I admitted as the song ended "Pity the singer was suffering from nasal catarrh."

"Nasal catarrh!" yelled Jones. "Why, that rendered by the leading singer of the day!"

"Then it's a pity he didn't stick to his sewing—that is all I have to say," I answered.

After this Jones gave is up as a bad job. He said was not attuned to musical vibrations, and that I had soul for Bacchus than Bach. Still, the silent watches night are frequently broken by the fitful playfulness "Languaphone." There is no doubt that it has stay, but I wish I could add that we had broken with it.

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE FOR RACING RESULTS.

SOME OF THE BEST.

Cordelia: Do you think the new show you're with will make a hit?

Ophelia: Bound to! Why, my dear, even the leading lady blushed when she read her part at the first rehearsal.

* * *

OH, THESE WOMEN!

Patricia: I've heard some perfectly awful stories about your husband.

Clarice: Oh, do tell them to me! Perhaps I can make him give me a new gown or two.—*Judge.*

* * *

PRESENT EMPLOYMENT.

Tomson (home on holiday): What's Bill Clark doing now?

Native: Waal, if he was half as good as his tombstun says he was, I cal'late he's tunin' up a golden harp

* * *

WHEN WOMEN VOTE.

Male Citizen: What's the delay, officer? At this rate we won't get our vote until sundown.

Officer (in a whisper): And yez'll be lucky t' git it in then, sor. Wan of the lady voters was taken wid twins in the votin' booth!—*Puck.*

* * *

ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

Stage-Manager: Hello there, Mabel! How goes it?

Mabel Montague: Oh, fierce! If I don't land a chorus job pretty soon I'll have to shoot up a millionaire an' go into vaudeville.

* * *

WHO COULD BLAME HIM?

(returning from shopping): Did they send my my hat?

O Heavens! What have you done with my new hat?

Husband: Is that a hat? Why, I thought it was a crib, and the baby in it!

* * *

SHOCKING!

"The board of censors threatens to close up the place."

"What's wrong?"

"Just as the hero was kissing his sweetheart, the film broke and held them in that position for over ten minutes."

* * *

THE SATIRICAL HUSBAND.

Razzle: Why are you rushing along so quickly with that bundle?

Dazzle: It's my wife's hat, and I'm afraid the style will change.—*Yale Record.*

* * *

JUST THE THING FOR HIM.

Insurance Man: If you lose a hand, we pay you one hundred dollars.

Pat: I'll shpake to me brother Mike. He's a contractor, and loses hands all the toime!

* * *

DIDN'T RAISE THE BID.

He had arrived home while wifey slept, and at the breakfast table there was a cold silence.

"Penny for your thoughts, my love," he ventured.

"Two cents I'd tell you what I think of you!" she replied, with a dangerous gleam in her eye.

He did not raise his bid.—*Boston Transcript.*

* * *

DISMAL OUTLOOK.

Husband: Why, Mabel, what are you crying for?

Wife: Oh, Tom, I am afraid the baby is going to be a pugilist! Just see how he doubles up his fists!—*Somerville Journal.*

* * *

MISUNDERSTOOD?

They all arose as they were talking over the titles of the play.

"Do you know 'You're My Baby'?" he asked.

Then she called him fresh and slapped him good-fellow.—*Princeton Tiger.*

* * *

HELPING HIM OUT.

Snippy: I wish to do something to show my regard for your sister, but I can't think of what she might like the most, so I thought I'd ask you to help me out.

Miss Snippy: Well, if you want to do something that will please her more than anything else, you might stop hanging around here six nights a week and give some other fellow a chance.—*Springfield Union.*

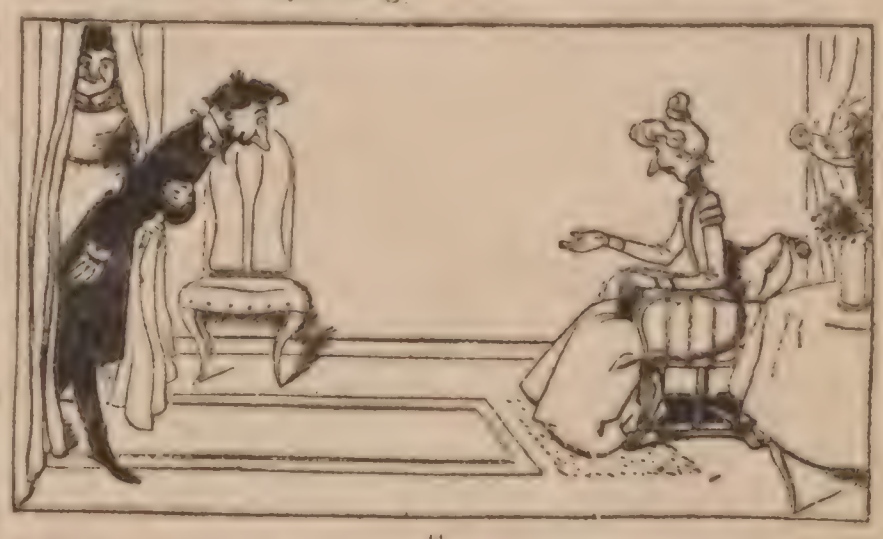
* * *

THE HELPING HAND.

I.

"Now, Katie, you understand what you have to do when my admirer comes."

"Very well, Miss. It seems to me he is coming now—the bell just rang."



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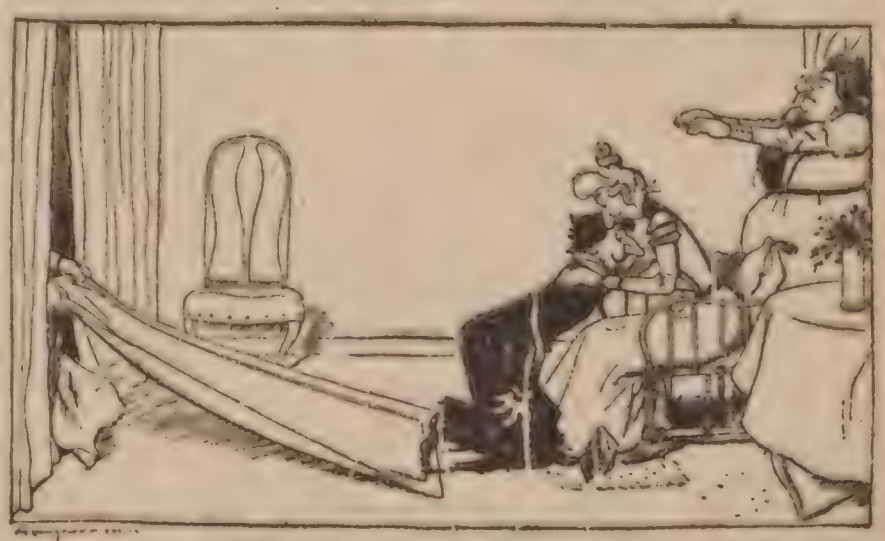

IV. —*Fliegende Blätter.*

£500 IS THE FIRST PRIZE FOR RACING RESULTS.

AFTER THE CUP TIE.

The "F.A." and its Arrangements.

Well, its through, and if, nothing else, we can at least congratulate ourselves on being on the winners of the F.A. cup from the time that the competition proper was entered upon.

Any attempt on my part to describe the way in which the Villa won the trophy would of necessity be lumbersome after the descriptions you have read and re-read of the match, so I do not propose to bore you in that direction; but I must say that there is no question whatever as to the better team having won, and, what is more, they were value for more than the one goal margin, at least that is my opinion.

Individually, Hampton was easily the best player on the field, but I thought he made a bad mistake in so obviously attempting to get one back on the Sunderland skipper after receiving a bad flooring. Hardy, too, played a great game, some of the awkward shots sent at him being dealt with in such a manner as to leave no doubt that he is the best custodian we have at the present time.

Praise for the Referee.

Curiously enough, in most of the descriptions I read little or no mention was made of the way in which the referee conducted the match. I certainly think it due to him to say that he played a great game, and so far as I could see did not make one wrong decision. There was some little dissention amongst one section of the crowd on one of his rulings—I forget which for the moment—but it struck me as being quite n order; so was the decision in regard to the off-side goal cored for the Villa; in fact, as I have already said, I do not know that Mr. Adams made a mistake, and whilst we may previously have had as good, it is certain that we never had a better controlling figure in connection with a final.

I had intended having something to say in regard to the manner in which the crowd were allowed to get out of bounds, and the need for some action to be taken by those responsible for the management of the final on future occasions, but it has been dealt with at some length, and I hope to good purpose by the papers in general, that there is no need for me to go over the same ground again; but I can at least endorse all that has been said in regard to the want of proper provision for those people who, by their patronage, help to swell the coffers of the Football Association.

Next week I will deal briefly with the more important happenings during the season just closed, and then I must resign what space I have occupied during the past eight months until next September—not such a long time, after all.

* * *

"Your husband seems less careworn than fo merly."
"Yes, now that the football season is over he hasn't anything but his business to worry him."

MY NOTE BOOK.

ASK YOUR NEWSAGENT FOR 'MODERN LIFE' NEXT WEEK.

As I expected, shoals of letters [illegible] me approving whole-heartedly of the [change] of title from *Modern Man* to *Modern* which takes effect next week.

The large number of readers I have already heard all feel that my decision is an excellent one, because sum it up in the words of one supporter, a North Co man, "There is no paper on the market to-day that phases of modern life to its readers so successfully."

I tender my sincere thanks to all my correspondents can assure my thousands of friends in all parts country that they will hail *Modern Life* with pleasure and complete satisfaction. As I mentioned week, *Modern Man* to-day is as interesting to the to men, and as no doubt the title constituted a bar to ladies purchasing the paper, it only seemed right that alteration should be made.

Men appreciate the paper because of its straight and less articles, and bang up-to-date topical illustrations; ladies admire it for its Royal and Society [illegible] features of special interest to the fair sex.

So look out for *Modern Life* next week. Tell friends about the change, and of this I feel certain you do, and they once begin to read it, an already circulation will be even doubled or trebled.

* * *

A LETTER FROM BRISBANE.

Writing from Brisbane, Australia, reader, "R.B.," says: "I notice 'Notebook' that you are always glad hear from readers abroad. I bought *Modern Man* at a newsagent's in while I was working as a clerk in London at I have been out here a twelvemonth only, and am now £3 a week. I had 9d. in my pocket when I and got my job within half-an-hour of landing said for and against emigrating to Australia, but with grit and common-sense can command a I should be glad to hear from those readers who coming out here, and will advise them re passage to get work on arrival. The changes in *Modern* great. It is undoubtedly the best penny paper in exi I wish it all success.

* * *

IN DEFENCE OF "SNOBS."

Not long since I had occasion to thing about "Snobs." A has now furnished an interesting the appended form:—"There is mo he says, "in a snob than in a Sa are common nowadays, but the snob is a with the glorious past. The present is an sideration and self-importance. We are all ing the moon, and chasing the impossible. imitators; we all pretend to be originators.

"The snob is the only sane idealist. He is a ph and philosophically appreciates his insignificance in the of things. But he is not passive, accepting no final, and inevitable. The snob discovers his de and magnanimously endeavours to hide them. He world in its true proportions; he grants the ex superior beings, and seeks after worldly ideals. mere hero-worshipper. His idols are flesh and inspirations. It is meritorious to detect a he to imitate one. Who is so confident in his deny that there is—possibly—another mortal than he. Most of us applaud—very charitably surpass us, but it is left to the snob to acknowl all that is great and good in life.

"When you therefore meet a full-blooded snob knee to him; put him on a pedestal, and admire snob towards him, embrace him, adore him, wor forgive him. He is the only survivor of a wre tion.

"Imitation is not flattery, it is progress. the snob, the world would stagnate. stifled and suffocated. Great men feed on flatte for applause. It is the snob that recognises genius all its disguises; that unearths merits from every co the globe, and rescues it from oblivion. Without the world would be a barren wilderness in which nothing conceit could thrive."

These are my correspondent's views—not mine.

YOUR EDITOR.

DO NOT FAIL TO ASK FOR "MODERN LIFE" NEXT WEEK.

THE MODERN MAN:
No. 41.—SIR ROBERT TURNBULL.

The new Railway Knight has, of course, received hearty congratulations from a very wide circle of friends on the recent honour conferred upon him by the King, and *Modern Man* takes the greatest pleasure in joining in the expression. Sir Robert has held important positions on the London and North Western Railway since 1877, and has been superintendent of the line nearly eighteen years.

During this time he has been responsible for the arrangements of a large number of Royal journeys, and the King has frequently expressed his entire satisfaction with the arrangements made for his comfort.

£500 IS THE PREMIER PRIZE FOR RACING RESULTS.

AN ACTRESS'S MEMORY.

Can She Forget the Stage?

There have been so many instances of actresses retiring from the stage on, say, marrying out of "the profession," only eventually to return to the footlights, that "once an actress always an actress" has come to be almost accepted as a truism.

In other words, it is generally believed that theatrical life unfits a woman for domesticity, and that however far she may be removed from it she always "hears the stage a-calling," and cannot rest content until she gets back to it.

This view was strongly supported to a *Modern Man* representative by a well-known actress, whose desire for anonymity, however, must be respected, though it may be said that she herself retired on her marriage, only to return to the boards before very long. Here are her extremely frank opinions:

"Personally, I think it is a mistake for an actress to marry at all. If she marries in 'the profession' there is almost bound to be a certain amount of professional jealousy between them. Unless they are in the first flight and firmly established in London, long periods of separation are almost inevitable, and it is difficult for them to keep a permanent home together. If, on the other hand, she marries a civilian and remains on the stage, she and her husband live a Box-and-Cox-like sort of existence. Her work begins when his is over, and there is little or no home-life for either of them. The question, however, is whether an actress who marries, or for any other reason retires from the stage can ever forget it?

"I am sure she cannot. Once you get the theatre into your blood I am sure you can never get it out again.

"The constant excitement, the incessant craving for applause, the topsy-turvy hours we keep, the gamble and Bohemianism of stage life all tend to make it almost impossible for an actress to settle down to a quiet, humdrum existence.

"We see things through magnifying glasses. We exaggerate the importance of ourselves and our doings. An actress who is worth anything must be egotistical, restless, and discontented. This unfits her for ordinary life."

A Viscountess's Opinion.

Very different is the view taken by Viscountess Torrington, formerly a well-known musical comedy favourite, and now a successful owner on the Turf, where she first met her future husband.

"As you ask my opinion," says Lady Torrington in a letter, "I should say that if an actress is happily married, she only too gladly 'forgets the footlights,' as you put it.

"My own experience is that never once have I had the smallest desire to return to the stage."

With all respect to Lady Torrington there is no getting away from the fact that many popular actresses, who, on marrying, definitely announced their retirement for good, have since returned to the boards they used to grace.

Even Miss Edna May was not proof against one more public reappearance, though this was in aid of charity.

Men seem to find it as hard as the ladies to resist the recurrent call of the stage. Sir John Hare, for one, publicly vowed that he had made his last appearance, but happily his resolution weakened.

A BRIDEGROOM'S RULES.

A gentleman named Wright, on the other side of the herring pond, believes that by following the appended rules there can be no doubt about his being happy though married. He intends to—

Continue to court his wife after marriage.

Occasionally take her flowers and candy.

Remember that the little things that the ordinary man thinks of slight importance means to a woman happiness.

Pass all his evenings at home and never leave his wife alone, unless business compels absence.

Start the fire in the morning.

Never talk in jest about other women caring for him.

Try not to arouse his wife's jealousy.

Convince her that every bit of his affection is centred in her.

We sincerely hope that Mr. Wright is right.

TALE OF A RING.

How a Business Man Found a Bride

"My marriage was all a matter of chance," said a business man, who was discussing with friends the question of how they won their wives.

"Twenty years ago, when I was 25, I was engaged to be married to an extremely pretty girl. She did not quite like the engagement ring and I took it to the jeweller's to have it exchanged. When the new ring was ready I put it on and was so afraid that I would lose it that I put it on my little finger. It was pretty loose there, but I thought it the safest place.

"When I got back to the office every one was busy getting out a lot of circulars. I pitched in to help. We inserted circulars in envelopes, sealed them and addressed them. After it was all done I missed the ring.

"We looked everywhere for it, but it was no use. When my intended learned of the loss she showed her true colours. She accused me of every sin under the sun, and ended in a quarrel between us and a broken engagement.

"Some time later I was handed a letter addressed to the firm. It was from a young woman in San Francisco to whom we had sent circulars of our educational books, but she said in the letter containing the circulars she had also found a very handsome diamond ring. She would be very glad to restore it to the owner if we could tell her who the owner was.

"I lost no time in answering her letter, and I wrote that the ring was mine, but before she returned it to me I would dearly love to see a photograph of one so honest as herself. She sent me her photo, and it was the loveliest face I had ever looked upon. In her letter containing her picture she hinted that she would like to have mine. I sent it and we kept up a correspondence for several weeks, until I finally went to return the ring until she came with it—but what's the use of saying any more?"

A fashion journal which no lady should fail to see is now on sale at all newsagents, price 2d. Bowerman's Special Blouse Number is the last word in fashion journalism.

THE FATHERLY BRUTE.

"Of course, my dear, marry young Stoneyton if you like, and I shall make you a wedding present of a very large mirror."

"Why a mirror, dad?"

"So that you can watch yourself starving to death, my dear."
—*Sydney Bulletin.*

ROYAL AND NOBLE LOVE AFFAIRS.

No. 11:

ROMANTIC RIVALRY OF TWO FRENCH PRINCESSES FOR THE LOVE OF THE DUC DE RICHELIEU.

PRINCESS WHO DECLARED HERSELF TO BE "AS AMOROUS AS A CAT."

...which sometimes creeps in at Palaces as it more frequently does in cottages, occasionally, like the month of March, comes in like a lion and goes out like a lamb." How furiously it burns, even amongst the daughters of kings, was shown a few weeks ago in these pages, when the tragic love story of George III.'s youngest daughter, Princess Amelia, was unfolded. How romantic was the rivalry of the Princesses de Charolais and de Villois, of the Royal Family of Bourbon, for the love of the famous Duc de Richelieu.

To whom the narrative opens the chief lady in France was the grandmother of the two princesses, and was universally known as "Madame la Princesse." Her son was the Regent Orleans, her daughter, the younger of the two Royal ladies, was known as Mademoiselle de Villois, while the other lady was known as Mademoiselle de Charolais, styles which, to the French mind sufficiently denote their position as Princesses of the Blood. The position to which matters arrived may be best shown by the letter of the Royal grandmamma concerning the love-affairs of Mdlle. de Villois.

"It is a horrible thing that a Princess of the Blood should live in the face of the world, that she is as amorous as a cat, and that this passion is for a knave who is beneath her in rank, whom she is unable to marry, and who is, moreover, unfaithful to her, for he has half-a-dozen other mistresses. And when one tells her that, she replies, 'Good! He only has mistresses; I like them to me, and to relate to me what passes between them.' It is a truly frightful state of affairs."

"Most Formidable Besieger of Hearts."

The cause of the trouble was a gentleman who can be compared to no Englishman that ever lived, for, to the credit of our national *amour propre* be it said, there never was his like born on our blood.

He must be somewhat particularly described. He was a handsome boy of twenty-five, to whom all the ill-acquired wealth of the famous Cardinal de Richelieu had fallen. As he lived to good old age, and remained a *roue* to the last, he figures in French history almost throughout one whole century. And what a century it was! Louis-Francois Armand Dulplessis, Duc de Richelieu, came into his great name and fortune while still a boy, and as a boy of illustrious ancestry, and a splendid future, he was thoroughly spoilt before he was out of knickerbockers.

Almost contemporary in age with the French monarch, who was a boy like himself, his life began in the court of Saint Cloud, and before he had arrived at man's estate the young Duc de Richelieu had, perhaps, unknowingly attached a sort of lustre to his name by becoming the object of the desires of the young ladies at court! In those days the Duc was called the Duc de Fronsac, and by that name he became famous as the most formidable besieger of the hearts of women who ever lived!

Generally speaking, every generation of women has its own type of the "beau adorable." In this year of grace, too, the women have their ideal man clearly delineated in their minds. A young American millionairess the other day gave to the world a written account of her ideal lover, when she set out to find a husband. The picture she drew was that of quite a likely fellow, and the millionairess did well to try and find him. But, of course, she failed, and married a nice, simple-minded fellow, of a peculiarly ordinary type. (They usually do!) But in the days of the Duc de Richelieu there was only one man in all France who met the women's ideal. His plight, therefore, was truly pathetic. His resemblance to the French King's "ideal", came very near to shortening his life on record and on the scaffold a good many times, but some-how was too smart to die young, and his women saved his life over and over again.

There is no space here to narrate the various "love" affairs which opened in the life of the Duc de Richelieu when he was seventeen years old.

Suffice it to say that one day there appeared in the palace of Saint Cloud a young princess of fourteen, who had not previously been seen there. She had an elder sister, who had been made Abbess of the Nunnery of Chelles, and at an early age the newcomer had been placed in the care of her abbess sister, and carefully reared in the odour of religion.

At fourteen she was sent for to Saint Cloud, to take her place as a princess of France. The Duc de Richelieu had already laid successful siege to the heart of her cousin, the Princesse de Charlais, and their pretty amour had become the scandal of Paris.

Alternating the Ducal Nights.

No doubt Mademoiselle de Villois quickly heard all about it, but no sooner did she clap eyes on the young and dashing Duc than *she also* "felt herself going!" This was the Royal lass—she was only fourteen, mind!—of whom her grandmother complained that she openly declared that she was "as amorous as a cat!" and that it was all over the Duc de Richelieu!

It need scarcely be said that when the two princesses found themselves in the position of alternating the ducal nights their chagrin soon turned to hate. Not of the Duc, of course. His Grace couldn't help being loved by two amorous princesses at the same time, and no doubt he thought himself distinctly gracious to put up with it.

Possibly he enjoyed it, though. Some men do! Anyway, the two princesses soon were on the point of tearing each other's eyes out. The Duc wasn't worth it, for there were at least six other women dying for his kisses, and who *would* have them! while the number of women whom the Duc managed to stave off until they cooled down was legion. That was the worst of being "an ideal man!"

The scandalous amours of the Duc and the Princesse de Villois at last became unbearable, and something had to be done. The Regent expostulated with his erring daughter, but she swore she would not give up the Duc, and so a stratagem had to be resorted to. But there was no doing anything at Saint Cloud, without Mdlle. de Villois knowing it. The disgust of the whole Orleans family over the affair is admirably symptomised in a letter of the Princess's grandmother, which is still extant. She says:

"You ask me what has caused so much indignation. I cannot relate it in detail, but only as a whole. It is the frightful coquetry of Mdlle. de Villois and that accursed Duc de Richelieu, who has shown people her letters, which he has had from her, for he only loves her from motives of vanity. All the young nobles of the Court have been to see these letters, in which she gives him rendezvous. Her mother wished me to have her back with me, which I flatly refused, but she does not cease to return to the charge. I cannot endure the idea of seeing Mdlle. de Villois again, and I must do it in order to avoid a very painful scandal. The sight of this madcap will make me ill.

Merited Execution Three Times.

"I am horribly vexed; the human race makes me shudder. All this is the result of the apathy and fatuity of the mother. May God forgive her! But she has brought up her girls very badly.

"The Duc de Richelieu knows the kindness of my son, and takes advantage of it. If he had his deserts he would pay for his temerity and his machinations with his head, for he has merited it three times at least. I am not cruel, but I could see the knave hanging on the gibbet without shedding one tear!

The result of this anger at the Duc's liaison with the Princess de Villois was that her father determined to get her married. The gentleman selected as the Princess's husband was a relative, the Prince of Modena, the heir to that small state. But the

SEND AS MANY RACING COUPONS AS YOU LIKE.

announcement of her intended marriage was received by the love-lorn princess with such indignation that she threatened to commit suicide at once unless it was abandoned. So, under the circumstances, nothing could be done.

When all France was talking of the liaison, and the public regarded itself as outraged by such conduct on the part of a lady who had a duty to her father's subjects, the unexpected happened. Amongst the other women with whom the Duc was "going it very strong," were the Princess de Polignac and the Marquise de Nesle, the latter a daughter of the Duc de Mazarin.

These two ladies fell out over the Duke, and so venemous were they that they actually arranged a duel with knives in the Bois de Boulogne—an affray which nearly ended in death for both of them. However, the duel resulted in a challenge being sent to the Duc himself by the Comte de Gacé, and when the Duc succeeded in placing his opponent *hors de combat* he was at once arrested, and for the third time found himself a prisoner in the Bastille.

Right Royal Time in the Bastille.

For the time, one would suppose, the Duc's wings were clipped, so far as love-making was concerned. But not a bit of it. "No sooner did Mdlle. de Villois hear of his whereabouts when, down to the Bastille she flew, compelled the warder to open the gates to her, and rushed into the arms of her lover, and implored him to take her petticoats, and make his escape. The Duc was a little too artful for this, however, as his head would certainly have been the price, while he trusted to the solicitations of Mdlle. de Villois to work on her father's feelings until he was released.

But the Regent saw his opportunity. He again offered the Modena match to his daughter as a solatium for her incarcerated Duc, and for no less than five months the Regent kept the Duc a prisoner in the hope that she would eventually consent to go to Modena.

But nothing would shake the determination of Mdlle. de Villois to stand by her lover, and for this there was the best possible reason. The Princess had made the most stupendous efforts to corrupt the whole prison in order to procure the Duc's release.

The Duc, in his memoirs, states that Mdlle. de Villois spent no less than two hundred thousand francs in the effort to get him out of the Bastille, but no bribes succeeded in doing this. But they *did* succeed in another direction. They obtained for the Duc such a measure of comfort as surely a criminal prisoner never achieved before. Originally he had occupied a foul-smelling dungeon infested with rats, with not a chair to sit upon, and disease lurking in every nook and crevice of the place. Now, thanks to the liberality of Mdlle. de Villois, the Duc was well supplied with all the latest romances; he dined twice a week with the Governor of the Jail; played upon his 'cello; stood at his window and sang duets with Mdlle. de Launay, who was lodged in a room in the same tower; and every afternoon, after making an elaborate toilette, promenaded upon the terrace of the Bastille, where the ladies assembled in crowds in the street to gaze at his beautiful figure.

Married—and Not Married!

In her visits to the Duc in the Bastille, Mdlle. de Villois was disguised, as a peasant, and she was accompanied by her cousin, Mdlle. de Charolais, who, though they had been such bitter enemies, were both equally sorry for their ducal lover, and, in order that they might have access to him, they had sworn a compact to do their best to keep him alive. So, altogether, the Duc was having a very good time. But the Regent saw in the Duc's detention the only means of allaying the public scandal, and so Richelieu failed to obtain his freedom at the end of six months. Then, when he had assured his daughter that the Duc would never be released, the Regent played his trump card.

He offered his daughter a pardon for the Duc, provided she first married the Prince of Modena. This was a bomb-shell for Mdlle. de Villois, and one that nearly killed her. To secure the release of the Duc had obsessed her night and day for months, and now his happiness was only to be purchased at the price of her misery.

But, *she paid the price*! She agreed to marry the Prince of Modena, and the ceremony took place in 1720. The Duc de Richelieu at last gained his freedom, and poor little Mdlle. de Villois went off to misery in Italy—misery which turned out even greater than her fevered brain had conjured it to be possible.

Her husband, a plain, awkward, and morose young man of twenty-two, did not even trouble to consummate the marriage, and not until his father, in sheer dudgeon, proceeded to promulgate a law altering the succession to the State in favour of a younger son, did the Prince of Modena consent to begin "honeymooning" with his bride from Paris!

Ragged Hawker from Paris.

But the Duc and the Bourbon Princess had not finished with one another yet. With such a slack husband it is not to be wondered at that the Princess of Modena was soon writing mad letters to her old flame, pleading with him to join her in Modena.

Of course, he couldn't come as Duc de Richelieu, but as shepherd, or something menial, he would never be s... And as this was just the sort of adventure that the ... he was soon loitering in the market place of the little ... town, waiting for the Princess of Modena to pass. ... she eventually appeared, and recognised in the voice of ... hawker that of the released prisoner of the Bastille, the ... could scarcely prevent her throwing her arms round ... and embracing him on the spot.

A Discovery and Explanation.

However, as the Princess was with a lady-in-waiting, ... not do so, but invited the "poor hawker" to call at the ... The next morning, when the poor Frenchman presented ... at the stately residence of the Modenas, the warmest ... arms in Europe awaited him behind the curtains of ... and every day for weeks "Gasparini," as the hawker ... received an audience from the tender-hearted French pr...

Anyway, the day came when the old Duke of Modena ... sooner than was expected, and caught Gasparini on ... before the princess. But the hawker explained ... was merely displaying his wares to the Chatelaine of the ... and so he entered into a lively conversation with the ... Modena, and proved such a lively and entertaining ... that the Duc asked him to call with fresh books and ob... his simple line every morning, which invitation, you ... sure, was readily availed of.

The story is told that when the Duc de Richelieu f... Ruler of Modena, he told him so many stories ab... brities of Paris that at last the Duke said, "And what ... pened to that scapegrace, the Duc de Richelieu?"

"Ha, ha," replied Gasparini, "he is very angry wi... Royal Highness. In fact, Sire, he is said to have threat... come to Modena, and to see Madame la Princesse in de... you!"

To which the old Duke replied:

"Oh, well, if His Grace chooses to put his head in the ... he must do it, I suppose. But I think he will hesitate ... that, eh!"

Thus assured that the Duke of Modena had no sus... the' *bona-fides* of the poor hawker from France, the ... Richelieu and his inamorata continued their intimacy ... months, until something called the Duc back to Paris, ... Princess saw him for the last time.

Duc Tires of Royal Liaisons.

All this time the other Princess in Paris, Mdlle. de C... had been bemoaning her Duc as dead, supposing he had ... out of the way by some secret plot. When, however, ... denly turned up again in Paris she was as mad as ever to ... him. But the Duc, who had been three times in the Bast... had enough of Royal liaisons, and he had deter... more risks, and to confine himself to mere duc...

So he wrote a formal renunciation to Mdlle. ... breaking off the intimacy. It nearly broke the P... for the Duc remained the ambition of all the ... for many years.

However, Mdlle. de Charolais eventually consoled ... the Duc de Melun, of whom she shortly after grew tired ... up with the Chevalier de Baviere, an illegitimate sp... Royal Family of Bavaria, who had in former days been a ... enemy of the Duc de Richelieu's.

This second exchange of adorers on the part of Mdlle. Charolais resulted in a boulevard bon-mot that she h... quite a traveller, for within a fortnight she had journ... Richelieu to Melun, and from Melun to Bavaria!

ANOTHER FASCINATING STORY WILL APPEAR NEXT W...

HALF-BLOWN WIT.

"Was he a full-blown soldier or a Territorial?" ... Mr. Plowden at Marylebone Police Court, referring ... absentee described as the wearer of a military uniform. ... Plowden's remark was not in good taste.

Remarks that poke fun at the Territorials, and ... or in intention or even in seeming belittle them, ... much out of place indeed, and any laughter the ... is extremely cheap and equally nasty. It is ... couraging to any Territorial to suggest that ... is only a half-blown soldier. He is a soldier, ... defects and shortcomings are to be admitted, ... remedied, not to be made the subject of a sn...

They are the defects and shortcomings of a ... individuality. It is up to all of us to take th... seriously, at all events, and to teach them and ... take themselves seriously. Let it be remembe... the nation finally adopts the principle of compul... it will still be service in the Territorials.

Mr. Magistrate Plowden is a humorist—but he ... always joke like a full-blown humorist.

ORDER YOUR "MODERN LIFE" EARLY. TITLE CHANGES NEXT WE...

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT 3 INCHES.

E. P. W. (Wolverhampton) writes: "Since adopting your course I have added approximately three inches to my height."

"Wanted," says the advertisement in the Situations Vacant column, "men of good appearance." That is simply another way of saying "tall men."

The tall man is always the man who is wanted. To him, and to him only, are the best positions open. The Army, the Navy, the Police Forces, at home and abroad, all require tall men.

In the office it is just the same. The tall man is preferred because his personal influence is greater than that of a short man. He has a dominant personality, and what he says carries weight.

Behind the counter none but the tall man is wanted. He makes a good impression on customers, his arguments carry conviction, and he builds up and improves the business.

Do you realise that your stature is a thing which rests in your own hands? You can increase your height by means of my special exercises just as easily as you can increase the size of your arm or your chest.

All the time I require you to devote to my exercises is ten minutes each morning and evening. They are very interesting and pleasant to perform, and, as no appliances are used in connection with them, there is no danger of overstrain. Besides increasing your height, my exercises will greatly improve your personal appearance and general fitness, and you will be delighted with them in every way. In three months' time my system will make you taller by from two to three inches, and you will be stronger and healthier than you ever were before.

I do not undertake the treatment of cases where the student is over forty, as after that age the cartilaginous cushions of the spine are in most cases not susceptible to increase, and a disappointed pupil would be no recommendation to me.

PROOF.

Lance-cpl. F. C. Y. (Chatham) writes: "Am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this—a gain of one inch in a month. This I consider remarkable, and a splendid testimony to the efficacy and value of your system and the exercises which you prescribed for me, taking into consideration the fact that I have been in the army some time, and a considerable time having elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit."

W. F. H. (Newport) writes: "I am pleased to tell you that I have reached six feet."

G. H. B. (Bradford) writes: "I have just completed your three months' course for increasing the height, and am pleased to say when I started my height was 4 feet 9½ inches, but it is now 5 feet, an increase of 2½ inches, which I think is very good."

A. K. (Southsea) writes: "I am pleased to let you know that I have gained 2½ inches."

A. W. (Rochdale) writes: "I have just been exercising five weeks. I have done my best to follow your advice faithfully, and I am delighted with results in such a short space of time. I have had physical culture courses before, but they have never done me anything like the good yours has. To begin with, I have gained almost an inch in height, and that means absolute growth, not straightening up, because I was perfectly straight to begin with. Every one of my measurements has increased a good deal. Also, I feel brighter and have more energy and vigour. My exercises have a fascination for me, and are not a burden; their variety makes them a real pleasure to perform."

W. B. E. (Johannesburg) writes: "I must say the improvements have been wonderful. In fact, several of my friends have remarked the splendid carriage I have, and I have never really felt fitter in my life."

G. C. (Birmingham) writes: "I have now finished my third lesson, and my height has increased by half an inch. I consider it is very good, because I have not grown at all for about two years. I am now going strong."

A. W. (Southwark) writes: "I have made very satisfactory progress. Gained desired increase in height and all round physical development under your system, which I shall recommend at all times. Health much better."

The full names and addresses of these and many other students who heartily recommend my system will be sent to all interested readers.

Write to-day, enclosing three penny stamps, for particulars of my system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN, The Six-Foot Specialist,
Dept. M, 17, Stroud Green Road, London, N.

RAPID PHYSICAL CULTURE.

By Our Expert.

FOR WRESTLERS.

The exercise of which the second position is here depicted is one that can be looked upon as something of a feat when you can perform it successfully and without any undue exertion. It is not intended for the beginner but for the more or less advanced student of physical culture.

It is advisable to have something soft under the head when practising it, or the contact of the head with the hard floor may prove painful. A thick rug or a cushion will meet the case.

Lie flat on the back and draw the legs up so that from the knees downwards they are perpendicular. Throw the head well back so that the chin is as high in the air as possible.

The arms should be bent at right angles at the elbow, so that the forearms are perpendicular.

Now, with a single sharp movement, raise the body to the position shown in the sketch, so that the body forms a bridge, of which the weight rests entirely on the head and feet.

The position is called the "bridge position" in wrestling, and it is a splendid exercise for the muscles of the back and neck.

Be careful not to strain yourself by attempting to do this exercise too violently at first.

If you are not sure of yourself, place some hassocks or cushions under your body until it is almost in the position shown; then raise yourself until your weight rests on the head and feet.

Gardening for Physical Culturists.

Gardening has come to be looked on by many people as an old man's pastime.

Personally I strongly recommend it to all who are fortunate enough to live in the country or to enjoy the opportunity of indulging in it, as one of the most healthy pursuits for a man of whatever age, and as an excellent means of acquiring physical development without making a labour of it.

The man whose work is of a purely mental nature can find no better means of relaxation than to keep his garden trim with his own hands.

I presuppose, of course, that he does the heavy work with the light, that he mows the lawn, digs and rakes the beds, and rolls the paths, and does not merely potter round with a pair of scissors and a trowel, and superintend the labours of someone else.

His hobby will keep him out in the open air—in all weathers, if he is at all keen—and each separate form of activity will exercise different sets of muscles.

It is this variety that constitutes half the value of gardening as exercise.

The whole body is brought into play in most of the more strenuous forms of it, but in each case the stress is on different muscles.

One is rather apt to grow tired of continually practising exercises for physical development, so that, if one has the opportunity, it is not a bad thing to cultivate some such hobby which can for a time be substituted for them, and which takes the mind completely off the fact that one's body is being developed.

A man gets angry on being told that he has a cheek of brass; but a woman smiles sweetly whenever informed that she has a brow of marble, a neck of alabaster and lips of coral. The difference in the disposition of the sexes is, no doubt, owing to the woman's superior fortitude.

HEIGHT INCREASED

Increase your height and increase your business value. Don't be small and insignificant, but tall and commanding. Professor Prowse can put from **two to three inches** on to your **height**, and add proportionately to your **breadth of shoulder, general health** and **business personality.** Write, enclosing two penny stamps for particulars of my simple system, **involving no special appliances, no deviation from ordinary habit,** and **no drugs.** N.B.—Highly recommended by Editor and Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man," "Health and Vim," etc., etc.

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P.S.—Our Course is recommended by the Editor and Physical Culture Expert of "Modern Man."

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CLE NOTES & BARGAINS.

only stipulation which is made in connection with our Free nge Bureau is that a reader must make his requirements known more than twelve words, to be written on the coupon printed below, must reach us not later than first post Wednesday for insertion in llowing week's issue.

angerous practice of a good many motor-cyclists, and which will eventually lead to trouble is that of carrying passengers on a cycle with side-car attachment. Not it with attaching a side-car with occupant to his hine, he carries on the luggage rack a second passenger. really, the strain imposed on the machine is enormous.

* * *

correspondent writes me at length on the injustice of orsements on a licence remaining indelible. Once a or-cyclist has had his driving licence endorsed that orsement acts as a permanent blot upon his character, no notice is taken of the offender's good conduct rwards, however good it may be. His suggestion that an's endorsements should be annulled, if at the end of e definite period, say, a year, after the endorsement of licence he has travelled through that period without further breaking of the law, is certainly a good one. f course, if this concession did become law, we are afraid ould be abused by certain motor-cyclists, in the same as many other laws are abused. The careful cyclist, ever, need run no risk of having his licence endorsed.

* * *

he name "Quadrant" is a famous one in the cycle world. it is exactly thirty years ago since the firm was first blished. From the inception of the company, the drant policy has been to manufacture irrespective of stions of cost cycles embodying every improvement that ingenuity of skilled cycle engineers could devise. Manued at Coventry the hub of the cycle industry in an -date, thoroughly modernised factory replete with every able aid to perfect production that money can pro- it is little wonder that "Quadrants" have obtained a ld-wide reputation for sound construction, perfect finish, ury of equipment and easy-running qualities. The pro- sive policy of the Quadrant Company is further illus- ed by the facility that they afford customers for obtaining for a feature that means the elimination of all inter- diate profits and a saving of pounds to a purchaser of ir cycles. A beautifully got-up art list will be sent upon plication to the Quadrant Cycle Company, Ltd., Coventry.

* * *

o facilitate the sorting of the letters, I shall be glad if readers will mark their envelopes containing cycle hange coupons with the words "Cycle Exchange" in op left-hand corner.

* * *

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ber, 24in. frame, Ladie 2-speed; must sell, £4.—Cycle Box 42, "Modern Man," (as above).

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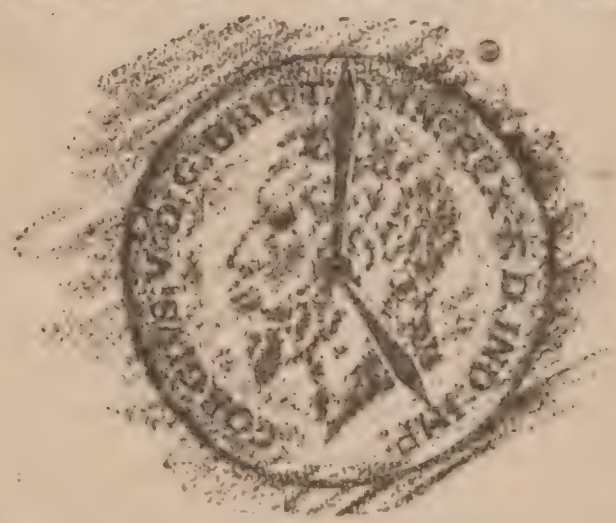

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For Height Increase see Prof. Prowse's announcement, page 2162.

"Curlolena": Your appearance can be improved by a head of curly hair, send to-day for a bottle of "Curlolena." 1s. 1½d. post free; two botles 2s.—M. Fergusson, 82, Nichols Square, Hackney Road, London, N.E. For either ladies or gentlemen.

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Wanted at once, cheap, for cash, roll top desk, full size.—Box 0803, "Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Will Culture; see St. Settef Institute announcement, page 2162.

Clerks': Revolution in bookkeeping; the marvellous New Rapid lessons will teach you how to keep any set of books without assistance, in one month, with perfect accuracy.—Send postcard for illustrated pamphlet.—Secretary, 134, Holborn Hall College, London. Telephone, 6,111, Holborn.

"MODERN LIFE" WILL BE FULL OF CLEVER ILLUSTRATIONS.

STOCKS AND SHARES

BY "ORTHOS," THE FINANCIAL EDITOR.

The latest development in the Balkans has again upset markets.

* * *

It is a pity, for conditions generally were improving, and the public were at last taking an interest.

* * *

Especially was this the case in the Home Railway market, where two of my recommendations—Brighton Deferred and Great Northern Deferred—have been particularly favoured.

* * *

Brighton Deferred have risen to 91½, but I am of opinion that we shall see this stock at par again in a very short time.

* * *

Great Northern Deferred at present price show a yield of 5 per cent., and as this great line is making excellent headway the price of this stock will easily go to 60.

* * *

I strongly advise readers to leave Mexican Railway Ordinary alone, as there is already a rumour that the present Government is weakening and the rebels are becoming more active; further, the Mexican Railway report is out, so that there is nothing for the speculator to go for. There are many stocks that will show you as good and a much better yield than Mexican Railway Ordinary without the risk attached to it.

* * *

Americans have been very quiet during the past week, but although there has been little business doing prices have kept firm, and in the case of my favourite Eries we again see an advance.

* * *

Eries might well be held for an advance to 35 dollars; at the same time, as I always favour taking a profit when you can see it, I advise those who bought at about 27, when I first recommended them, to secure profits now.

* * *

Rock Island is another small priced American Rail-Road which is quoted at a very low figure just now, viz., 22½ dollars, whereas the price of this stock this time last year was about 30 dollars.

* * *

Rock Islands can safely be bought for a rise of one or two points.

* * *

Grand Trunk Railway Stocks have declined on the news that the Underwriters have been landed with 80 per cent. of the new Grand Trunk Pacific Debenture.

* * *

Little has been doing among Industrials, but I cannot help feeling that National Steam Cars at about 2½s. should be picked up by all who can afford to lock the shares away for a few months. This Company is still making excellent progress, and they should be in a position to pay a much bigger dividend than the 10 per cent. declared last year.

* * *

The £1 shares of the Batavia Plantations Investments, Ltd, appear to be a good investment at the present price of 23s.—25s., and, with the rubber market showing signs of improvement, the shares should appreciate considerably in the near future. The crops from the Company's three estates, Kweeklust, Weltevreden, and Medansche, to the end of 1912, reached 259,410lbs., which showed an increase of 59,440lbs. over the returns for 1911, and 15,920lbs. in excess of anticipations. The Weltevredan estate has been considerably enlarged by the purchase of adjoining land, which will materially enhance the returns. The estimated profits for 1913 for rubber alone is £28,539 net, but apart from this, the Directors have taken advantage of the favourable state of the markets by acquiring interests in upwards of 20 sound companies having estates in Java, Sumatra, Malaya, and Ceylon, many of which are now paying dividends.

* * *

Taking all these facts into consideration, the Batavia Plantations Investments, Ltd., appear to be in a position to compete with companies of much older standing, and with rubber in such demand as at present, the shares should go to a much higher premium than they are to-day.

I can still confidently recommend Simmer [illegible] shares at present price for a rise of a few shillings.

* * *

Simmer Deep have been a very active market for a few days, and as you can now buy these fully paid shares at round about 4s., they look a very attractive speculation.

* * *

As I pointed out last week, the profits of the Simmer Company are improving, and as the company is now putting about 50 more stamps much larger profits can be looked for in the near future.

* * *

At any rate the shares of this big company are [illegible] standing at about double the price, and are most certainly the best thing in the South African market for the speculator to hold for a rise.

* * *

Many ask why it is that the oil market does not make any substantial headway, but when one comes to consider the record of most oil companies is of a deficit rather than a cheering character, and so many of them are still in the development stage, this accounts greatly for the hesitancy of the public to buy shares, and when buying easily discriminate which are the best to hold.

* * *

The California Oil Fields stands out with special preference through the remarkable excellence of its results, which is in striking contrast to that of the majority of Pool enterprises. This Company paid 30 per cent. for the financial year, but according to the profits it is [illegible] they could have made a larger distribution.

* * *

I shall be pleased to send the name and address of [illegible] to any reader wishing to deal in Stocks and Shares.

ORTHOS.

* * *

As space does not permit for

BRIEF REPLIES

this week I am replying to all applications by [illegible]

A.B.C. GUIDE TO STOCK EXCHANGE
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DO NOT FAIL TO ORDER "MODERN LIFE" NEXT WEEK.

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

"A.C.T." (Newton, near Glasgow) sends me a letter to which it is difficult to reply briefly, though I hope I am always willing to oblige.

* * *

He is a "working man"—stupid phrase, but inevitable!—and he proposes to get a new lounge suit, for which he is willing to pay the very fair price of £4.

* * *

He would like it to be fashionably cut, but on the other hand he warns me that it is to be worn for best only, and must last him at least two years. He would like either a blue or a grey. What do I advise?

* * *

Well, my friend "A.C.T." must avoid any extreme of fashion, for probably in a few months time the present mode of lounge suits—i.e., shaped to the waist, wide-skirted coat, "peg-top" trousers—will be obsolete, and the style being so marked my friend would only be unpleasantly conspicuous in such a suit.

* * *

He himself suggests a double-breasted coat. This would certainly be most unfashionable, but really for a "stock" suit a double-breasted blue serge takes a lot of beating. It always looks well, and is just the suit for evening wear when "dress" is not obligatory.

* * *

"A.C.T." suggests that he should have a breast-pocket for his watch. No. A watch-chain should never be worn outside a coat.

* * *

My correspondent next displays a hankering after American fashions. I solemnly warn him off them. An American is never well dressed, except when he puts himself in the hands of a British tailor and give him "carte blanche."

* * *

I am not a medical man, but I believe that "Swanseaite" would find powdering the arm-pits with a mixture of equal parts of Oxide of Zinc and Boracic Acid helpful. Also he should bathe in cold water.

* * *

In reply to "S.W." (Kirkby, near Liverpool), when a gold ring is worn with a tie, the latter is not usually tied in a knot, but its ends simply passed through the ring.

* * *

In answer to "J.M." (Streatham Hill) there is nothing to beat white buckskin for cricket boots. They should be rather tight when new, as they are bound to stretch.

* * *

It is time to be thinking of white trousers for the summer. Take my tip and put your money on white serge in preference to flannel. Only remember that serge trousers must not be washed but dry cleaned.

* * *

If you are thinking of having a flannel coat to wear with white trousers let me recommend a fawn one, as the blue one was painfully common last summer.

* * *

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. H. H. (Birmingham).—You do not state which part of the world you intend going to. Cannot recommend the two firms mentioned.

Assurance Chap (Bolton).—We have heard no complaints about the firm you mention.

E. P. H. (Alton).—The Selby stories have not as yet been published in book form.

H. S. O. (Knock).—It all depends on the type of face. A man with a weak mouth needs a moustache.

M. R. (Brighton).—The Bouveret Turf Club is a genuine concern.

Sarumite (Salisbury) says: "What a good thing it would be for your circulation if your readers were to distribute their back numbers among non-readers." It is up to our readers to follow "Sarumite's" advice.

B. F. (Swansea).—Any hosier will provide you with a gentleman's corset.

A. E. T. (St. Helens).—Consult your tailor on the matter. He will be better able to advise you.

J. W. T. (Craigellachie).—It is not the first time that reference to "Modern Man" has settled a dispute. Messrs. Foyles, of Charing Cross Road, W.C., will provide you with the required book.

C. O'Hagan (Greenock).—Should advise you to have nothing to do with them.

L. W. (Devonport).—You will find such vacancies mentioned in the "News of the World."

M. C. T. (Rayleigh).—A rag soaked in paraffin should remove the rust from your rifle.

W. J. L. (Stockton).—A little scheming will enable you to live comfortably in London on the salary you will receive.

A. E. B. (Sheffield).—It is really a question for our Physical Culture Expert. See his remarks on smoking in last week's issue.

C. F. B. (Manchester).—(1) Apply a good embrocation nightly. (2) Write to Messrs. W. and G. Foyle, 121, Charing Cross Road, W.C. Thanks for good wishes.

DON'T FAIL TO TEST YOUR RACING SKILL. £500 FIRST PRIZE.

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166,000 MILES
ON A BIKE SUPPLIED BY ME.

Mr. Revell, of Middleton, Suffolk, bought a cycle from me ten years ago, and writes:—"During most of the time I had it I rode over **400 MILES** a week. The total distance I and my friends covered was no less than **166,000 MILES.**" This is the kind of cycle I sell. I supply **HIGH-GRADE COVENTRY CYCLES, FOR £3 10s. CASH,** (*Makers' Price*, £6 6s.).

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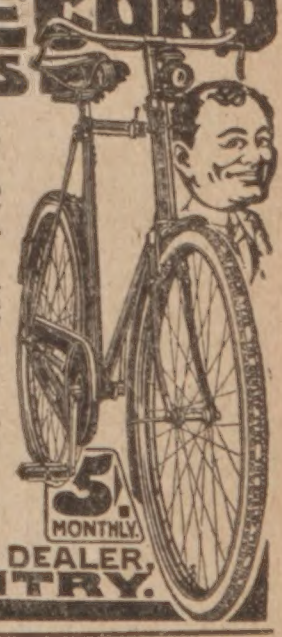

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IN THE RUNNING.

BY "OLD HAND."

I cannot claim to have had a great time with my selections for the big races last week so far as those given in the paper went, but I found some consolation in the fact that as a result of the late information I was able to gather, subscribers to our wire service were put on a couple o. good things. One of these, by the way, was the first horse I mentioned a couple of weeks ago as being worth following—GOLDEN SUN—who came up at the nice price of 9—2, to be followed on Wednesday by LIMON "each way" for the "City." Previous to this, CUTHBERT was the last selection wired; so that the last three sent out up to the time of writing have resulted in two winners and one second.

I have not written the foregoing with a view to inducing you to send us five shillings—that is a matter entirely for your own discretion; but I think it worth while to draw attention to the fact that when you are in a position to take good late information it is certainly advisable to do so. Whether or not the information I am occasionally able to advise you to act upon is good or otherwise, I leave you to judge.

For the Two Thousand event SHOGUN will of course, start favourite, as he is fully entitled to, but I should not like to say at the moment that he is a certainty. It may not be generally known, but I learn that there are times when he is inclined to be very sour at home, and there is always a possibility of a horse of this description showing temper in public. I do not want to alarm any of you who are thinking of backing him for the Derby, or have already done so, but it is due to you that you should know this. CRAGANOUR lost prestige by an indifferent display at Liverpool, but he was by no means at his best then, and will be found a vastly improved colt when he strips on Wednesday.

Personally, I think that when these two get together it will be found that Mr. Ismay's colt will confirm last season's form, and so justify his position at the top of the Free Handicap. Dawson Waugh is, I know, very hopeful of LOUVOIS doing great things this season, and already has visions of training two successful Derby winners.

The colt, as you will have read, has been doing wonderfully well lately, and a friend of mine at headquarters advises me that if he goes as well on Wednesday as he has done recently, then there is no question as to what will win the first of the classics. The erstwhile "dark," NASSAU, as a winner the only time he has been out, must come into the reckoning, although I am not sure that he beat much in PILLIWINKLE, even though the latter is thought to have some sore of an outside chance at Epsom. ROSEWORTHY must come into the argument, and this is another greatly improved colt, about whom there are great possibilities, and taking a line through FLIPPANT, whom he beat very easily at Kempton, he should be very handy at the finish.

To sum up, I think the race will be won by

CRAGANOUR,

with SHOGUN and LOUVOIS very close to him.

The One Thousand is a still more difficult race to deal with, and at the moment I can only suggest that it may be won by

PRUE.

My remaining selections for the week are as follows:—

NEMARKET.—TUESDAY.
Two Thousand Guineas Trial Selling Plate: PIGEON PIE.
An All Aged Selling Plate: ONEIDA II.
Visitors' Handicap: LINDSAY GORDON.
Apprentices' Plate: CHANCELLOR II.

NEWMARKET.—WEDNESDAY.
Chippenham Plate: STEDFAST (if absent, TRACERY).
Heath High Weight Handicap: FOREWARD III.
Bretby Stakes: HIGHWAYSIDE.

NEWMARKET.—THURSDAY.
Brinkley Welter Handicap: UNCLE PAT.
Peel Handicap: MR. J. B. JOEL'S SELECTED.
Ely Plate: FINAL SHOT (in absence of HIGH ROCK).
March Stakes: JINGLING GEORDIE.

NEWMARKET.—FRIDAY.
Friday Welter Handicap: CURVET or SANTAIR.
A Three Year Old Handicap: CLAQUEMENT.
Mildenhall Plate: MORDKIN.

THIRSK.—FRIDAY.
Hambleton Plate: ORMETTE.
Clifton Three-Year-Old Handicap: RATHFARNEY.

THIRSK.—SATURDAY.
Thirsk Spring Handicap Plate: KERRY.
High Weight Selling Handicap Plate: WHISPERING KATE.
Falcon Plate: SUGAN EARL.

WINDSOR. SATURDAY.
Royal Windsor Three-Year-Old Handicap: FAIRY K...
Holy Port Selling Handicap: RIP.
Romney Handicap: BLACK CAP.
Slough Four-Year-Old Plate: SANDWORT.

INSANE ATHLETICISM.

At the Wellington Lines Gymnasium, Aldershot, T... Burrows, the Australian athlete, started in to accomp... the feat of swinging 3lb. 6oz. clubs for 100 hours on e... Before the century was reached, he heard a report, of ... doubtful authenticity, that another Australian had ma... record of 112 hours: whereon he resolved to keep on ... making good in his own original ambition. He succee... in adding seven hours to his 100.

After more than four days and four nights of his c... less swinging exercise, at eighty revolutions a minut... "exhibited signs of drowsiness," and was kept going by ... rattling of drums and the playing of loud instruments. ... in the end outraged Nature revenged herself. The man ... seized with a paroxysm of frenzy and delirium, in wh... he struck his attendants and others with his clubs and ... finally rolling off the stage.

Falling into unconsciousness, he slept without a br... from about five o'clock on Saturday morning until ... o'clock on Sunday morning.

The performance must stand for what it is worth. ... not to be denied that it represents athleticism of a sort. ... are thinking of its closing hours, and its climax of colla... when we remark that the sort is not a sane sort.

OVER THE ROPES.

Boxers and their Doings.

The match between Bombardier Wells and Georges C... pentier is now definitely arranged, and will be brought off ... Sunday, May 25th, at the Ghent Exhibition. Wells has g... into strict training, and will leave no stone unturned to ... in the pink of condition on the 25th ult. Billy absolute... must win this match, otherwise ——

* * *

Old Charlie Mitchell, once heavyweight champion of E... land, is taking the count at his home in Clapham. Cha... has always shown great gameness, and his friends are ho... ing out strong hopes of his being on his feet before ... Father Time counts him out.

* * *

Luther McCarthy trimmed Jim Flynn, the Fireman, ... artist from Pueblo, in their six rounds "go" last week. ... wasn't in the picture at any time during the slam, and ... badly used up at the finish.

* * *

Young Brooks badly wanted a return match with ... Lewis, who outpointed him at the N.S.C. recently. ... Lewis was willing, so they have signed up again. At ... National the pair fought for side-stakes of £37 10s., but ... the coming match the stakes will be increased. An ... founded rumour is going round that the amount will ... £41 3s. 4½d.

* * *

Next Friday at the Canterbury will see those old rivals ... Pat O'Keefe and Private Harris, at it again. It may ... remembered that when they met at headquarters Ha... received the very doubtful decision.

* * *

Tom McCormick has now every right to a match w... Johnny Summers for the Welterweight Belt, but ——

* * *

Digger Stanley and Eddie Morgan will meet after all ... the Bantam title, probably on the Monday of Derby we...

* * *

Johnny Summers is going strong in Australia, and ... Wednesday put it over Alf. Goodwin in nine rounds.

OUR NEW
RACING SKILL COMPETITION.

BIG STAKES THAT COST YOU NOTHING.

Our First Racing Skill Contest met with such a gratifying response, and as it appears to be as much appreciated by the ladies as the gentlemen, I decided to run another of these interesting skill contests for the Epsom Meeting on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Everything to Win. Nothing to Lose.

In connection with this contest we offer

£500 FIRST PRIZE

This big sum of money will be paid to the person who correctly forecasts the winners, by filling in, in the coupon printed on the back page, the name of the horse against each race given in the coupon. Like the man who goes racing, you must carefully study the form of horses.

This is what the successful race-goer does and this is what you must do if you wish to pocket our £500.

If no one correctly forecasts the winners of all the races, then during the remainder of the Flat Racing Season

£1 a week will be paid to the person whose coupon is nearest correct.

I think I can safely say Epsom is the most popular race meeting of the year, and I have, therefore chosen the Epsom races for this Competition, so as to give my readers a better chance.

The names of some of the horses entered for the races given in the coupon on the back page are given below. You should carefully study the form of the horses taking part in these important fixtures, and fill in against each race the name of the horse you consider, in your judgment, will win the race. You can

SEND IN AS MANY COUPONS AS YOU LIKE,

And they must reach our offices not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Let every reader test his or her racing skill and win this huge money prize.

FOR CONDITIONS AND COUPON SEE BACK PAGE.

OUR RACING CONTEST.

Names of some of the Horses Entered in Events Selected.

In this issue we give a list of some of the entries for the races which we have chosen for our second great competition. The remainder will appear as soon as they are available, but we do not propose to give the entries for either the Derby or Oaks, as no useful purpose would be served thereby. The probable starters for these two events will be known in plenty of time for competitors to make their selections.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4.

Stewards' Handicap (mile and 44 yards).—St. Meriadoc, Killadoon, Augur, Albion, St. Begos, Political, Lovewood, Bilberry, Duke of Tipperary, Irrigation, Oselle, Durbar, At Last, Spean Bridge, Drawbridge, Amador, Bolo, Oeydrome, Felizardo, Pandean, Cabaret, Harmonicon, Fly by Night, Sun Yat, Fire Finch, Poyston, Get Up, Apennine, Poulette, Chain Armour, Thistleton, Maycup, Charlton, Burning Daylight, Happy Fanny, Percival Keene, Early Girl, Dundrum, Inconstant George, Coronetta, Workgirl, Choice, Whroo, High Rock, Sirabia, Mille Fleur's, Sea View, Otter, St. Julian, Lock Earn, Erl King, Dissension, Mix Up, Stung Again, Chancery, Seremond, Campanile.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5.

The Coronation Cup (the Derby Course, about one mile and a half).—Tracery, M. Caillault's sealed nom., Tuxedo, Etheric, Stedfast, Sweeper II., Sirannon, Aleppo, Cigar, Lomond, Long Set, Maiden Erlegh, Lance Chest, Santa Bellis, Bachelor's Hope, Oiseau Bleu, Prince Palatine, Lorenzo, Cylene Moore, Gorgorito, La Boheme II, Warlingham, Adam Bede, Sir Martin.

The Royal Stakes (six furlongs, on the New Course).—Spanish Prince, White Star, Castleton, Ask Papa, Wynbury, Cigar, Blackcap, Quantock, Great Surprise, Harmonicon, Meeting House, Borrow, Mediator, Martynia, Zebre, G.P., Sir Martin, Ma'oona, Hornet's Beauty, Mountain Fairy, Grammont, The Dodger, Poor Boy, Mix Up, Ardigon, Erl King, Bonnie Bird, Wise Symon, Halaton, Canonite, Wrack, Garryhoe, Orama, Bullfinch.

The Durdans Plate (a mile and a quarter and 66 yards).—Pintadeau, Bonbon Rose, Diadumenos, Jaegar, Oiseau Bleu, Lance Chest, Cap and Gown, Agapanthus, Miltsin, Mustapha, Mordred, Lorenzo, Jack Saw, Molly's Birthday, Blue Stone, Beaurepaire, Lomond, Thistleton, Eton Boy, Outram, Fantasio, Halberd, Daly's, Drinmore, Avernus, Wilfred, Choice, Girl of the West, Goliath, Hampton Court II, Bachelor's Hope, Chili II.

STRANGE WAY OF FISHING.

Fishermen's stories will soon be in evidence again, and many of the old stock romances showing up once more. Just for a change, here is a true fish-story:

During the exploration of the country that lies on the borders of Bolivia and Peru many things were discovered about a curious race of savages known as the Guarayos. They have a strange method of fishing. Selecting a good piece of water, usually a fairly still piece, they pour into it the juice of the manuna-tree, which has the effect of depriving fish for the time being of the power of movement. All that now remains to be done is simply to walk into the stream and pick them out.

EVERYBODY WILL LIKE "MODERN LIFE." ORDER IT

Now's the Time to Test Your Racing Skill.

What Readers have to do to Win the First Prize of £500

On this page is given an entry form containing the name of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th, and for the first prize of £500 you have to fill in against each race the name of one of the horses entered for the race. To the reader from whom we receive an entrance form showing all the correct results of the races given in the coupon we will award the sum of £500. In the event of no set of forecasts received representing the whole of the correct results, £1 a week will be paid to the competitor whose effort is nearest to the correct results during the remainder of the Flat Racing season. Entry forms must be filled up in ink; erasion or alterations will disqualify the form; and in the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon, the prize will be divided.

CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE COMPETITION.

(1) On the coupon appearing on this page you will find the names of races to be run on June 3rd, 4th, 5th and 6th. Fill in against each race the name of the horse you forecast to win.

(2) Having done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entrance form and send it addressed to MODERN MAN Racing Competition, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. The entrance form must reach us not later than first post on Monday, June 2nd. Any arriving later will be disqualified.

(3) Readers can send in as many coupons as they like. No employee of the firm can enter the competition.

(4) The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose Entry Form represents the correct results of all the races run, but if the whole of the twelve races are not run or if any one of the races is a walk over the £500 prize will be reduced to one of £50.

(5) In the event of no Entrance Form containing all correct results, £1 a week during the remainder of the Flat Racing season will be paid to the sender of the Entrance Form nearest to the correct results.

(6) In the event of more than one person sending in a correct coupon in this Competition, the prize will be equally divided.

(7) No responsibility will be accepted by the Editor for the loss or non-delivery of any effort, and evidence of posting will not be accepted as evidence of receipt.

(8) No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, neither will interviews be granted.

(9) Any coupon on which any alteration of any description has been made will be disqualified.

(10) Scottish readers who are domiciled in Scotland are precluded from entering this competition, and no coupon bearing a Scottish address can be accepted.

"MODERN MAN" RACING CONTEST.

Races to be run on June 3, 4, 5 and 6.

Fill in against each race the name of the horse to win.

EPSOM, TUESDAY, JUNE 3rd.

Craven Stakes (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Plate (7f.) .....

Egmont Plate (5f.) .....

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 4th.

Derby Stakes (1m. 4f. 29yds.) .....

Steward's Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

Epsom Town Plate (6f.) .....

THURSDAY, JUNE 5th.

Royal Stakes (6f.) .....

Coronation Cup (1m. 4f.) .....

Durdan's Handicap (1m. 2f. 66yds.) .....

FRIDAY, JUNE 6th.

Belmont Handicap (6f.) .....

Oaks Stakes (1m. 4f.) .....

Chipstead Handicap (1m. 44yds.) .....

I agree to abide by the conditions governing this Competition and to accept as final the result published in *Modern Man*. I enter the Competition on this distinct understanding.

Signature .....

Address .....

6/6 FOR NOTHING is what your Editor offers you.

My Shaving Set Offer continues to meet with an enthusiastic response. It is apparent my readers are out to help me, and incidentally to help themselves to a complete Shaving Set FREE OF COST.

REMEMBER, ALL YOU HAVE TO DO

is to distribute six copies of the current issue of "Modern Man" among your masculine friends, although, by the bye, the ladies like "Modern Man," but before doing so, cut out the FREE SHAVING SET coupon below. Send the six coupons to me, together with a P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses of the Shaving Set, and I will send you by return the "Modern Man" Silver-plated Safety Razor, Silver-plated Stropper, and special stick of Shaving Soap, all complete in case, **absolutely free of charge.**

Address your letter to—Editor, "Modern Man," Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, and mark in the top left-hand corner "Free Shaving Set."

TELL ALL YOUR FRIENDS ABOUT IT

SHAVING SETS FREE TO ALL.

SEND FOR ONE NOW.

	s.	d.
Modern Man Patent Safety Razor	5	0
" " Stropper	0	6
Stick of Shaving Soap in Metal Case	1	0
Total ...	**6s.**	**6d. Free to My Readers.**

FREE SHAVING SET COUPON.

Six of these Coupons, cut from the current issue of Modern Man, & P.O. for 1/- to cover carriage and packing expenses, secures a 5s. Silver Plated "Modern Man" Safety Razor, a Silver Plated Stropper, and a 1s. stick of Shaving Soap in metal tube: all completely packed in handsome case.

Dated, May 3rd., 1913.

Cut here ..... Cut here

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